

# THE NATION

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## EVENTS OF THE WEEK

**T**RAGEDY and comedy intermingle in Irish politics as they do in Mr. Sean O'Casey's plays.

Our Irish Correspondent traces on another page the course of events from the murder of Mr. Kevin O'Higgins to the "no-confidence" debate in the Dail this week, and shows how Mr. De Valera's republican party, Fianna Fail, faced with the alternative of political extinction, took the oath of allegiance, which they have hitherto opposed to the length of civil war. A bargain to put the Labour Party in office seems to have preceded the entry of Fianna Fail into the Dail, and a statement by Mr. Thomas Johnson, the Labour leader, was issued on Monday night. This statement was highly judicious and statesmanlike in tone, and its phraseology should go far to reassure those who still believe that any Labour Party really wants to introduce extremist measures. Advocating the formation of a Government "from outside the two contending sections of the Sinn Fein split," Mr. Johnson said:—

"A Ministry of this character would be less concerned with new legislation than with prudent administration. By its nature it could not introduce highly contentious measures. It would enforce the law, maintain

order, seek out criminals and prevent crime. . . . The Labour Party is not in the market either as a buyer or seller. It has neither sold itself to anyone, or offered anyone a price. We still believe that the country requires a rest. . . ."

It might be Mr. Baldwin or Mr. Ramsay MacDonald speaking!

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But Ireland is not to rest in the arms of the Labour Party for the present. Mr. Jinks has decided otherwise. Mr. Jinks is an amiable publican in Sligo and a member of Major Redmond's National League Party, which decided unanimously an hour before the debate to vote with the Labour Party and Fianna Fail to turn the Government out of office. Mr. Jinks, however, seems to have had misgivings which he did not reveal at the party meeting, and when the division was taken he disappeared, leaving the Dail equally divided between the contending sections. The Speaker gave his casting vote against the motion, and the Government was saved. Some attempt to forecast the future course of events is made by our Irish Correspondent, and we will not comment on the situation ourselves beyond saying that in our judgment Lord Birkenhead rendered a useful service in making it clear at the earliest moment that nothing would induce the British Government to whittle down the oath of allegiance or to allow its substance to be impaired.

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Mr. Baldwin has all the qualities which are admirable in an official visitor to another part of the British Commonwealth. It is without surprise that we learn that his tour of Canada is an unqualified success. He can coin an imperial phrase with the same facility and often with more grace than his distinguished cousin. And he can give it the ring of sincerity. The published extracts from his speeches, which have been cabled, indicate that he has been unstinting in his praise of those Canadian institutions which meet his approval. He could have found no way more sure of arresting the attention of a very sensitive audience—stupidly sensitive sometimes of the slightest criticism—and to obtain a hearing for one or two important things which he wanted to say to them about this country. "The growth of co-operative fruit and dairying marketing," he said at Calgary, "gives us an excellent lead in England." Referring to the four thousand Women's Institutes now established in this country he said, "We cannot be too grateful to you for giving us the idea. They have brought interest, activity, life and laughter into many old country villages." This is discriminating praise.

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There are some remarks, however, in which that queer chameleon our Prime Minister, who smokes his pipe as a country squire, or audits books as a great industrialist, or addresses the Classical Association in

better English than most members of that body can command, shows colours of his own. At Winnipeg, he said :—

" People who tell you that in England we are going to have a revolution, or that our people are bad tempered, are telling you a lie. There is not a word of truth in it. The workmen of Great Britain have faced their difficulties with enormous courage and enormous restraint. If things have boiled over once or twice in one or two places, it is not to be wondered at, and I say without fear of contradiction that their self-restraint and their courage, taking them all together, are an example to the world."

It is characteristic of Mr. Baldwin to have retained his appreciation of British workmen through the bitter controversies of the last two years.

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The decision of the State Court of Massachusetts in the Sacco-Vanzetti case is to be given immediately after we go to press. The bench consists of four judges, and the question to be decided is whether a writ of error should have been issued in respect of the conduct of Judge Thayer during the trial, his alleged bias against the accused, and the reckless expressions repeatedly used by him out of court, as disclosed in affidavits sworn to by a number of well-known citizens. Sacco broke his fast after four weeks, at the urgent request of his wife and friends. The defence committee in Boston issued a statement correcting the undue optimism of certain European inferences drawn from Governor Fuller's last-hour respite. They regretfully express the view that the outlook is of the blackest, since the killing of the prisoners is demanded by prejudice, self-interest, and fear. The most mischievous bomb outrage so far reported in connection with the case occurred on the morning of the day upon which the Supreme Court assembled, the house of one of the jurymen being completely wrecked. Such abominable incidents, of course, have no relevance whatever to the questions of law and evidence upon which the Courts were to decide.

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The July overseas trade returns are not encouraging. Exports were over £1 million lower than they were in July last year, when our trade was in the grip of the coal stoppage. The coal stoppage, though it hit our export trade much less than might have been expected, naturally knocked out coal exports altogether, and materially curtailed those of iron and steel. If these two items are excluded, the comparison between July, 1926, and July, 1927, gives a decline in exports of over £6 millions, or about 10 per cent. of our trade. The most important contributor to this decline is the cotton trade, whose exports are down by £2½ millions. For the first seven months of 1927, exports totalled £474 millions, as against £472 millions for 1926, a poor showing when the coal stoppage is taken into account. Imports have fallen from £711 millions to £703 millions. Thus the " adverse " visible balance of trade has so far been only £10 millions less this year than last.

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These figures are disquieting when we remember the allowances that it was natural to make last year for the coal stoppage, when we recall that the general attitude then was: " Of course, we could not sustain a balance of trade like this as a permanent thing; the amazing and welcome fact is that, despite the stoppage, it is no worse than it is; and meanwhile we can easily make ends meet on foreign account by drawing on our reserves of financial strength." Anyone would have been regarded as a ridiculous pessimist who had predicted this time last year that, with the coal dispute

finished on terms which gave the owners everything they were demanding, and with no fresh labour troubles to throw things awry, the balance of trade in the first seven months of 1927 would not be appreciably different from what it was in the first seven months of 1926. The soundness of the position and the drift of the balance of trade represents, indeed, a disturbing query at the roots of our economic life, which is steadily becoming more insistent. For if we eliminate the downs of the coal stoppage, and the ups of the recovery from it, from the trade returns of the last few years, it is clear that our imports are continuing to increase steadily, while our exports, so far from showing a similar buoyancy, are tending rather to decline.

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While the foreign trade returns are thus profoundly unsatisfactory, the recent movements of the unemployment figures are, on the other hand, nothing like so bad as they may appear to be. It is true that the aggregate figure is now just above a million after having dropped just below it in May. But this is a season when employment normally hangs fire; and, just as the majority of commentators seemed to us to be basing quite undue hopes on the improvement in the figures up till May (which represented little more than return to work after the coal stoppage *plus* normal seasonal improvement), so, we think, they are too much cast down by the slight recession in the past three months. We find it, on the whole, reassuring that the May figures have so nearly been maintained, despite the set-back in the cotton trade and the growing displacement of miners. The showing of the last few weeks, in particular, is better than we had expected, and makes it reasonable to hope that there may be a further, slow, forward movement in the autumn. The fact that the unemployment figures, unsatisfactory though they are, are at any rate, allowing for seasonal variations, not getting worse, implies, of course, that the aggregate volume of employment is continuing to expand. And this, contrasting with the complete lack of buoyancy in the export figures, suggests that the shifting of our centre of gravity from the basic exporting industries to other occupations is still steadily proceeding.

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The coal industry drifts from bad to worse. There is no sign of any disposition to take in hand any of the pressing problems which it raises; there is, for example, no hint of any measures to deal with the prodigious problem of the quarter of a million surplus miners; no sign of recognition in any quarter that this is a problem which *must* be dealt with. Judging from appearances, owners and miners' leaders alike retain unchastened the intransigent temper which is an almost insuperable obstacle to constructive solutions or to any hope of real recuperation. Lord Londonderry sets out the owners' standpoint in a letter to the *Times* this week. The present plight of the industry, he argues, is entirely the fault of the miners for going on strike for seven months last year and thus destroying our export trade; how could they expect that we could have got back to the *status quo ante* by now? Lord Londonderry forgets that a settlement could have been obtained after about three months on the sort of terms sketched out by the Samuel Commission; and that it was the owners who rejected every suggestion of compromise, disregarding all warnings as to the cumulative growth of the perils to the future of the industry entailed by every week's extension of the stoppage.

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Lord Londonderry must forget these facts; for he repudiates the charge that the owners displayed a *non*



*possumus* attitude during the stoppage. For the rest, while declaring in the now stereotyped formula of the owners, that they are "open to conviction" as to the merits of amalgamations and co-operative agencies, he makes it clear that the owners do not believe in them, and have no intention of taking any steps about them. Meanwhile, Mr. A. J. Cook is sending round the fiery cross in Durham. "I am calling to Durham, not for patience, but for action. . . . I am going to organize revolt and to lead revolt. I am going from John o' Groat's to Land's End rousing the working class on the need for united action." What hope can there be for an industry in which such mentalities are dominant on either side?

The Nanking Government have deposed Chiang Kai-shek, the Commander-in-Chief of the Kuomintang forces, who had made himself too powerful for their liking. It may be doubted whether their action will greatly alter the military situation; but it certainly damages the chances of an agreement between North and South. For several months the Northern leaders have shown signs of a willingness to treat with Chiang, and had he been able to consolidate his position, an agreement might have been reached. He has now, it seems, become one of the free-lance tuchuns, and if he manages to keep a nucleus of troops paid and fed, he may play a part as a member of the temporary amalgamations which go by the name of alliances. The most interesting question at the moment is whether the Nanking Government will be able to maintain itself as a working institution now that it has lost its principal military leader. Its ability to do so may be severely tested by the continuance of the present Northern thrust in Kiangsu, and if it can survive this peril it will have given some evidence of possessing stability as an administrative entity and not merely a military clique. General Duncan's act of reprisal in cutting the railway line to Hangchow does not at the moment of writing appear likely to have immediately serious results. Nor does it seem to have intimidated the Chinese Commissioner for Foreign Affairs, who is retaining the wings of a British aeroplane which made a forced landing on the Kiangwan golf course. The Chinese contention appears to be that British aerial observation has been too widespread to be consistent with strict neutrality.

The local Fascist council in Udine have just taken a step which may have important consequences. Five priests, holding important ecclesiastical posts have been sentenced to summary deportation. It is presumed they are charged with some offence against the law for the defence of the State; but the evidence in support of the charge has been absolutely concealed. The *OSSERVATORE ROMANO* has issued as strong a protest as it dares, and suggests that the order for arrest was made while the ecclesiastical authorities were reviewing the case. The Fascist Government has always made profession of a strong desire to establish better relations with the Vatican, and to do something substantial for the parish priests in the poorer country districts. On the other hand, they have always counted the Popular Catholic Party, with which the arrested priests were connected, among their political opponents. This party, orthodox in religion, but liberal and democratic in politics, has a large number of adherents amongst the secular clergy; so that the Fascist authorities, divided between a desire to flatter the hierarchy, and to cudgel and despoil a large number of the rank and file, have followed a shifty and uncertain ecclesiastical policy. Their latest move may

involve them with both sections, if the local Archbishop, with Vatican support, insists on proof that the deported priests have committed a civil offence, before admitting that their benefices are vacant.

The latest political move in Portugal will add to the gaiety of nations. Whilst the Vice-President of the Council was engaged in discussing Cabinet reconstruction with his colleagues, two army officers entered the Council Chamber, and one of them opened fire upon him, because he would not appoint a Minister of War acceptable to the Army. The President, who was present, disarmed the officer—who was evidently a poor marksman—but he and his friend got away for the time being. The Director of the National Library then joined with a group of officers in a decree dismissing the Government, and the Government removed him from his post. The officer with the revolver was subsequently laid by the heels, and is to be sent to the Cape Verde Islands in a training ship. The official gazette announces that the work of Cabinet reconstruction is being delayed. We are not quite sure whether this is the nineteenth or the twentieth attempt at a *coup d'état* since the proclamation of the Portuguese Republic; but Browning's Cardinal, who had "known four-and-twenty leaders of revolt," seems unlikely to remain in undisturbed possession of his record.

Lord Delamere's presidential address to the unofficial East African Conference will increase the anxiety with which the proceedings of the Royal Commission on East African Federation will be watched by all those who are concerned for the reputation of Great Britain as a colonizing Power. Lord Delamere considers federation essential and inevitable; but it must be a federation free from "the chains of bureaucracy." Kenya must not throw herself into the melting-pot unless her "civilization" is safeguarded "from swamping by Downing Street policies passed by official majorities in the other territories." The initial seat of the High Commissioner must be at Nairobi, "where the proper white atmosphere and influence were present." In other words, federation must safeguard the right of the white settler to wallop his own nigger, and there must be no interference by the type of officialism that is engaged so successfully in developing the resources of West Africa, and training the West African native in economic and political responsibility. We trust that the Royal Commission, while doing justice to all reasonable claims of the British settlers will remember that Great Britain has her own responsibilities in East Africa and that, in Tanganyika, she has the additional responsibility of a Mandatory Power.

A striking instance of the lengths to which the "economy" ramp has been carried by some public authorities was revealed last Saturday at an inquest on a small boy who was drowned in the Willesden open-air swimming bath. The bath attendant stated that no one noticed the boy's disappearance, and that the water was so cloudy that his body could not be found. The park superintendent gave evidence that the water had been "refreshed occasionally," but had not been changed for a month, in which period it had been used by seven thousand persons. Such an outrage on decency and health seems hardly credible; but, though more disgusting, it is not much more foolish than many other shifts which have been adopted through a blind zeal for public economy. All sense of proportion between the sum saved and the amenities sacrificed seems to disappear when rates or taxes are involved.

## SACCO AND SLATER ; or THE MOTE AND THE BEAM

THE intense and world-wide interest in the fate of Sacco and Vanzetti makes an absorbing study in psychology. It is another proof of the unrivalled power of an issue of criminal justice to stir the public mind. Persons who are habitually indifferent to the vital public issues of the day, and who remain unmoved by any of the numberless atrocities which human beings inflict daily on one another, are capable of being thrown into transports of passionate and entirely disinterested indignation by the belief that some individual, quite unknown to them, has been wrongly condemned by a court of law. This instinct, however lacking in proportion it may seem, has roots in wisdom. Nothing in the social system is, in the long run, more important, as Italians and Russians may one day come to learn, than an assurance, to use the time-honoured phrase, of "civil and religious liberty." And nothing is more fundamentally essential to civil liberty than an upright judicial system. When, accordingly, a case occurs which suggests that the course of justice has been gravely deflected by prejudice, those who lead an outcry and an agitation are performing one of the most important services which public-spirited men and women can discharge. Such outcries and agitations have often led in the past to needed reforms in criminal procedure. The criminal procedure of Massachusetts would certainly seem to be in need of reform to-day. We salute, therefore, with respect and admiration those Massachusetts citizens who, by an agitation to which we can recall no parallel, have made the case of Sacco and Vanzetti renowned throughout the world.

When, however, indignation at a miscarriage of justice extends to countries other than that in which it has occurred, the emotion is apt to suffer a sea-change. "In the misfortunes of even our best friends," observed La Rochefoucauld, "there is something which we find not altogether displeasing"; and certainly there is no people in Europe to-day which does not derive considerable satisfaction from any scandal which appears to cast discredit on the United States. "Thank God, we are not as these Americans are," is a fair paraphrase of the comments which have appeared in half the Press of Europe on the Sacco and Vanzetti affair. Now, we believe in the maxim that it is better to concern oneself with the beam in one's own eye than with the mote in one's brother's eye. We do, in fact, believe that British justice is the best in the world. All the same, we doubt if we are justified in assuming that Sacco and Vanzetti could not have been found guilty in this country. Nor unfortunately are we justified in assuming—for this is the gravamen of the complaint against Massachusetts—that if they had been found guilty, and if subsequent revelations and agitation had cast strong doubts (to say the least) on the justice of the verdict, that there could not have been in this country the same obstinate reluctance to issue a pardon or grant a thorough investigation.

We referred in our notes last week to the case of Oscar Slater, a case which is more than eighteen years old, but which still calls for redress. It so happens that a book about this case has just appeared—"The Truth

About Oscar Slater," by William Park (The Psychic Press, 3s. 6d.)—which supplements the story, which was ably told long ago by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in "The Case of Oscar Slater." It would, we think, be well if the British, and more particularly the Scottish, public would divert to the perusal of this book some of the attention which it is now giving to Sacco and Vanzetti.

In December, 1908, an old lady, named Miss Gilchrist, was murdered in her flat in Glasgow at about seven in the evening, when her maid-servant was out fetching, according to regular custom, an evening paper. The thud of her falling body and the noises of the assault were heard by a family named Adams in the flat below; and Mr. Adams was at the door, ringing the bell in vain, suspicious that there was something wrong and yet with the feeling that his suspicions must be absurd, when the maid, Lambie, returned with the paper, and unlocked the door with her keys. As Adams and the maid entered the hall, the murderer emerged quietly from a bedroom, disarming suspicion with a pleasant smile, and, before Adams could make up his mind how to act, dashed "like greased lightning" down the stairs and escaped into the night. Miss Gilchrist was found, in the dining-room, dead, her head battered in with ruthless ferocity.

In their search for clues, the Glasgow police elicited from the maid the statement that a diamond-brooch of Miss Gilchrist's, worth about £50, was missing. The "pawns" were warned, and the information was made widely known. Four days after the murder, a cycle agent, named McLean, informed the police that a foreign Jew whom he knew by the name of Oscar had been trying to sell a pawnticket for a diamond brooch, pawned for precisely £50. The police at once set themselves to trace this "Oscar"; they quickly discovered he was a German Jew, calling himself Oscar Slater, who had been in Glasgow for only about eight weeks, had no regular occupation, seemed to live by gambling and card-playing, and haunted public-houses and billiard-saloons. On proceeding to the house where he lived, they discovered that the bird had flown. That very afternoon, Slater had left his apartments and gone off in a cab to the Central Station. This seemed suspicious; and the suspicions of the police naturally deepened when, on tracing him to Liverpool, they discovered that he had sailed for New York under the name of Otto Sando. These suspicions might, indeed, have been strong enough to justify his arrest in New York, but for one vital fact which had meanwhile been established. The bottom had dropped out from the clue of the missing brooch, which had alone put the police on Slater's track.

The police had little difficulty in discovering the pawnshop where Slater had pawned the brooch, the ticket of which he later tried to sell. The pawned brooch itself was produced, and it proved to be quite a different one from that missing from Miss Gilchrist's jewellery. The maidservant, Lambie, who accompanied the police to the pawnshop, rejected the brooch at a single glance. The pawnbroker was able to show, by referring to his deposit book, that it had been pawned four weeks before the murder took place. (It belonged, as a matter of fact, to Slater's mistress.)



Thus the sole original ground for suspicion against Slater, his hawking round of his pawn-ticket, was conclusively shown to have no connection whatsoever with the crime. If Slater was really the murderer the coincidence by which an entirely false clue put the police on the right track must surely be without parallel in our criminal annals!

It is not easy to understand why the Glasgow police, after having made this discovery, persisted in the pursuit of Slater. There appears to have been some lack of co-ordination; the cable to New York, requesting Slater's arrest, sent after the brooch clue had been exploded, advised a search for the irrelevant pawn-ticket. The apparent suddenness of Slater's departure from Glasgow just when suspicion rested on him, and the disreputability of his character, might make the police unwilling to let him slip altogether beyond their reach. And even at this stage we may suspect the influence of the reluctance to admit mistakes. In any case, the facts are that Slater was arrested with nothing more known against him than we have set out above; that, while the extradition proceedings were still continuing, he agreed voluntarily to return to Scotland to stand his trial, and that he was found guilty at Edinburgh in May, 1909, by a majority verdict of nine to six.

The evidence on which the prosecution mainly relied at the trial was that of identification by eye-witnesses—i.e., by Adams, Lambie, and by certain persons whom the murderer had rushed past in the street. This class of evidence is notoriously untrustworthy, except when the witnesses have known the person identified before the event with which they are connecting him. In the present case, none of the witnesses knew Slater, and none of them caught more than a momentary glimpse of the murderer. Adams, who got the best view of him and who was incidentally the only really responsible person among these witnesses, consistently refused to swear that Slater was the man he saw. He would not go further than to say that he "closely resembled him." The most definite identifications came from the maid, Lambie, and from a fourteen-year-old message girl, named Barrowman. Lambie had previously told the police in her affidavit that she had not seen the murderer's face, and did not know whether he was clean-shaven or wore a moustache or whiskers. In New York she declared that she identified Slater by his walk. In Edinburgh her words were, "I am going by his face now." Barrowman, who identified Slater with a man who had rushed by her in the street about the time of the murder, admitted in New York that she had been shown a photograph of Slater before the identification, and in reply to the question: "When you went down to the Court were you looking for a man who was like the photograph?" answered, "Yes." The whole evidence of identification was flimsy almost beyond belief. The "descriptions" issued by the police immediately after the murder, as the result of the statements of the eye-witnesses, bore no relation to Slater's actual appearance; and it is noteworthy that not one of the eye-witnesses had mentioned a feature, which was the first to be mentioned by all those who helped the police to trace the undoubted Slater from Glasgow to Liverpool—namely his markedly foreign appearance.

Apart from the evidence of identification, there was nothing to connect Slater with the crime. There was no evidence to suggest that he even knew of Miss Gilchrist's existence. His sudden departure from Glasgow proved to have been not in the least sudden; he had been making arrangements for weeks before to go to America. This matter was, however, gravely distorted by the Lord Advocate, who, in his address to the jury, asserted quite falsely that Slater's name and full description as the wanted man had been published in the newspapers before he left. The Lord Advocate's address contained many other inaccuracies calculated to prejudice the minds of the jury. The list is, indeed, far too long to set out here. We may, however, mention one which may have been decisive.

The missing brooch, of course, formed no part of the prosecution's case; and it is easy to understand that the police would be anxious to avoid all reference to that topic, with its inevitable tendency to provoke scepticism. But it was necessary to give some account of how the police got on Slater's track. Accordingly Superintendent Ord, in his evidence, declared that McLean (who in fact told him about the pawn-ticket) came to see him, and—at this point we will quote the Superintendent's exact words:—

"He gave me information where a man of the description (published that day in the paper) was to be found. He said that in consequence of the description having appeared in the newspapers, he had called to give me information about the man."

On the strength of this, the Lord Advocate told the jury that the descriptions given by the eye-witnesses had been so accurate and precise that they had enabled the police to trace the prisoner. Such an impression in the minds of the jury—and they had nothing before them to contradict it—might well lead them to attach a weight to the evidence of identification which it did not deserve.

Oscar Slater was sentenced to death. The sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life—an implicit admission of doubts as to his guilt, for there were no extenuating circumstances about this murder. He is still in Peterhead Jail after eighteen years. All attempts to secure his release have so far failed. Mr. Park alleges that one of them resulted in a fresh miscarriage of justice—the dismissal of Lieutenant Trench from the Glasgow police force for certain disclosures made by him to the Secretary for Scotland, as he believed, under a guarantee of immunity.

In the light of this story, what right have we to throw stones at Massachusetts? The evidence of identification against Sacco and Vanzetti was not more unsatisfactory than that against Slater, even if it was not much less so. On Sacco, there was at least found a revolver from which the shots might have been fired, whereas against Slater the police had to rely on a small tin-tack hammer, with no trace of bloodstains, as the weapon. If appeals in Massachusetts have to come before the Judge who presided at the trial, in Scotland there is no possibility of appeal at all. And, finally, if there has been in Massachusetts an appalling official stubbornness against granting either a pardon or a thorough public investigation, which might admit or reveal grave scandals in the police system, the stubbornness has been no less appalling here. We wish that we could point to a campaign of protest over Oscar Slater, which could vie with that in Massachusetts over Sacco and Vanzetti.

## DE VALERA'S MOVE

(By OUR IRISH CORRESPONDENT.)

WRITING some weeks ago about the possible developments of the Irish general election, I hazarded a prophecy that Mr. De Valera's Party would not rest contentedly in the wilderness for very long. But neither I nor any other observer expected anything in the nature of a unanimous decision; everything seemed to point to the likelihood of yet another of those splits of which Mr. De Valera is so prolific. Now we are confronted with a complete change of front on the part of the whole of the elected Fianna Fail members—forty-three in number—every one of whom took the oath on Thursday last week and was present in the Dail on Friday. There is also Mr. Belton, who has been excommunicated because he took the oath and his seat a fortnight or so before the others.

To understand the genesis of such a development, we must go back to the murder of Kevin O'Higgins. It is not part of the purpose of this article to discuss that horrible tragedy, but it is necessary to say this much: no one who knows anything of the inner history of Irish political movements really believes that the murderers were representatives of the abstract doctrine of republicanism. This was the act either of a group pursuing a private vendetta (and it must not be forgotten that Ireland is a Southern country, where the blood feud is not an inconceivable thing) or of one of those secret "inner" organizations which have existed here from time immemorial. In either case it is just as possible that the assassins may originally have been connected with the group now merged in Cumann na nGaedhael as with the group called Fianna Fail. Naturally, however, the Government could take no view except that this was another Republican crime, and they proceeded to find in the crime a justification for the passing of drastic legislation calculated not only to give wide powers to the Government for the suppressing of sedition, but also to amend the Constitution in such a way that the non-juring members of the Dail would lose their seats, and that no future candidates could stand unless they first pledged themselves to the oath of allegiance.

It is not surprising that when the first horror (and it was a genuine and almost universal horror) caused by the news of the tragedy wore off, these Bills attracted very critical attention. Coercion Bills have a bad name in Ireland, and the present Public Safety Act is unpleasantly reminiscent. It is said that Mr. Johnson assented to it at a private meeting, and some colour is lent to this by the opprobrious if Biblical name conferred on him by President Cosgrave. If he did, he very soon repented, and in doing so he represented very clearly the changing mind of the country. But of the Public Safety Act it may be said, first, that it was a natural product of violent shock, and, secondly, that it need not be and probably will not be used, unless some further emergency arises. The electoral Bills are a different story. Here is apparently a fundamental alteration in the Constitution passed by a minority party in a few days with the effect (and as some unkind people say, the intention) of keeping that party permanently in office. Much as we may disapprove of an elector who is dissatisfied with the Treaty, surely we are hardly justified in disfranchising him altogether?

Confronted with this situation, Mr. De Valera seems to have realized that unless he did something his party would cease to exist, and he seems then to have spent some precious time in coming to terms with Mr. Johnson. What terms were ultimately concerted is as yet unknown, but we can surmise that the Labour leader was to present his

ally with Mr. Cosgrave's head on a charger and to be rewarded with the Presidency of the Executive Council. Unfortunately neither the head nor the office could be secured without the help of the usual accomplices, so a joint expedition was made to enlist Major Redmond and his followers. At this point, as in the battles of the ancient heroes, the Gods sent down a big black cloud to conceal the warriors from one another. As I write, the great "No-confidence" debate is beginning, and no one will be surprised if it lasts as long as the Arabian Nights, but the National League have not yet revealed their policy. Speaking with great diffidence, I believe that President Cosgrave is going to come out victorious by a vote or two.

The future course of events, however, will not be greatly affected by the result of this vote. Whatever happens now, a general election within a few months is a practical certainty, for there is no party strong enough to govern without help from people with whom it is bound to quarrel very quickly. The difference between a victory and a defeat for the President on this motion lies in the constitutional fact that if he has a majority he can dissolve, whereas if he is in a minority he can only resign. Most writers in the English Press do not seem to be aware of this difference between the Irish and the English Constitution; our Constitution provides definitely that an Executive which has lost the confidence of the Dail cannot advise a dissolution—thus removing from our Presidents a weapon which has been wielded so often and so effectively by British Prime Ministers.

As I cannot know what is going to happen in the next few days, I invite readers to assume that the next stage is a general election—coming either at the instance of a narrowly triumphant executive, or after the collapse of a hopelessly impossible coalition. Whichever way it comes it is safe to suppose that between now and then very little new legislation will be passed and very little old repealed. The Civil Servant will probably come into his own. The question, then, is, What will happen when the general election does come?

To answer this, let us consider the state of the parties. Taking Fianna Fail first, the following points are fairly clear. Had Mr. De Valera led his party into the Dail immediately after the death of O'Higgins, had he even gone in to try to defeat the Public Safety Bill, his change of front on the point of the oath might have been condoned by the greater part of the country. Had he even, when he did decide to go in, been content to issue a simple statement saying that political urgency was greater than academic principle many people would have shrugged their shoulders and agreed. But to lock the door just as the horse was stolen and the new owner starting for his holidays, to do so ostentatiously, and then to issue a proclamation justifying it on mystical and sophistical grounds which must have been equally true five years ago before we had a civil war on the point, that is a course of proceeding which the country cannot be expected to admire for it combines the two qualities of futility and cant which Irishmen are the first to condemn. I do not believe that Fianna Fail as such can survive another election, unless Providence sends them some unlooked-for opportunity in the meantime.

As for the Redmondites, they never really existed, and now that they are invested with temporary significance as the holders of the balance of power their unreality is more violently emphasized. It is as if a man should try to fill his child's toy-balloon with gas from a real balloon, and should find it shrivelled up in his hand from a pinprick. Whatever this party was intended to do, it was certainly not to ally itself with either Labour or Republi-



canism. It is said that the leader is pursued by two furies, urging him in contrary directions—one being the liquor trade (now ironically ranged in support of the Government), the other a personal friend and adviser of his own, and a curious and anachronistic survival of the iron age of Parnell. Between them they are likely to split his party, but whether it is split or not it will certainly cease to exist.

Mr. Cosgrave is certain in the support of Farmers and Independents; he has proved himself a master in both tactics and strategy. He can practically determine the date of the next general election—and he is in excellent humour. Mr. Johnson has a big responsibility to face, but he knows that he need not face it for long, and he is probably right in following English precedent and grasping if he can a little time in power for Labour, however brief or insecure that tenure may be. In the eyes of the country these two men will come out with most credit, and I expect that when the election is over Mr. Cosgrave will be back in power with a comfortable majority, and Mr. Johnson will again be leader of the Opposition, but with a much stronger party. What will the Republicans do? I prophesy that half De Valera's supporters, including perhaps many members of his party will join Cosgrave, the other half will join Sinn Fein and continue to abstain.

Just one word in conclusion—for English consideration. I hinted in my last article that it might be worth while to remove the oath; Lord Birkenhead now says that he will not have it. In saying this he pledges himself and his country as allies to Mr. Cosgrave. Such a way of thinking and speaking must have one of two consequences. Either the Irish Government will be driven more and more to the Right, and then Republicanism will once more become a living and violent force, or the Cosgraveites and De Valerites will spring one more surprise on Lord Birkenhead by uniting to denounce him.

## GREYHOUND RACING

THE amiable argument of "Kappa" and Mr. J. L. Hammond made me determined to see greyhound racing for myself. I have, from the start, been prejudiced in its favour, if for no other reason than that most of those I have heard murmuring against it are those for whose prejudices in these matters I have little or no patience. Their objections to this very harmless sport seemed to be based on the simple fact that disreputable people were allowed to enjoy it. "The only gentlemen you will meet there," I was told, "are the greyhounds." Another said, "If you want to meet all the 'thugs,' who have been warned off every racecourse in Great Britain, you will find them at the White City." There were nearly 100,000 "thugs" at the Shepherd's Bush Stadium on the night I visited it, and most of them seemed to be giving an excellent imitation of respectable people out for a jaunt after business hours. But that may have been their devilish cunning.

On the way from Wood Lane Station and through the turnstiles into the Stadium I got a curious feeling that I was back in Spain and about to witness (I am ashamed to say) my third bull fight. There seemed to be a tense excitement about the crowd which I have only found infectious in the same degree outside a Plaza de Toros. It was not that they pushed or jostled excessively or were in any way disorderly, but they did seem all afire for the business in hand.

The Stadium is so admirably built that from any seat in it the spectator can see the whole course. Against the

excited chatter of the vast audience an attendant blows a trumpet. Its shrillest notes are dimly heard. The habitué knows what it means, and does not cease "shouting the odds." Then from the kennels emerge six white-frocked kennel men leading the six greyhounds, who are to run the race, very solemnly round the course. This the greyhounds seemed to regard as an unnecessary parade—but it gave the audience an opportunity of knowing them by name, for they could be identified by the little coloured jackets which they wore. They were soon back to the kennels from which they were to be slipped.

The trumpeter having done his worst was succeeded by a bell ringer. "Bring out your dead," he rang, and the dead came out—the most lumbering, ludicrous imitation of a hare on wheels that any child would reject at a Christmas bazaar. He started slowly on his track, swaying drunkenly from side to side, but as he gained speed on his way round the Stadium became so swift a piece of mechanism that no hound could hope to catch him. As he passed the kennels the flap was dropped and out on the hopeless chase sprang the six greyhounds. A greyhound shows a speed appreciably greater than any horse. He is more graceful in his running and certainly in his leaping than a horse, and just as few horses show any resentment at being asked to chase an intangible honour, so the greyhound seemed to have some philosophy which consoled him when his quarry went to earth. I thought the dogs showed some nervousness, as a man or a horse might do before the race—but when it was over they made their parade before the judges with evident contentment.

Here, then, is a sport held in the open air which is exciting to a great number of people which involves no cruelty, and which being held between the hours of eight and ten in the evenings tempts no man from his work. What are the serious objections to it? There is really only one—that it is accompanied by a great deal of organized gambling. "Kappa" in these columns has urged that it does and will increasingly lead to a wave of gambling among a great class which cannot afford this stupid form of speculation. There is no gainsaying the fact that the Stadium at Shepherd's Bush swarms with bookmakers and their clerks.

Without attempting to deprecate the danger which "Kappa" foresees, there are one or two reflections which may be set against his. Curiously it seems a saner, if not more moral, proceeding to bet on something one can see than on something one cannot. A game of "Crown and Anchor" seems to stand in a different category from the passing of betting slips at street corners. Admitted that this is a very small point, there is also the reflection that in all probability, the mass of money laid on greyhounds is money that would otherwise have been laid on horses. I do not think that it can be assumed that the family money-box is being subjected to a double raid. But there is one very important factor in the whole business which all reformers should lay to heart, and which may serve to discount their natural apprehensions.

As has been said, the racing starts at eight o'clock in the evening. To reach Shepherd's Bush the vast majority of the audience must leave for the Stadium immediately their work is over. The Stadium has no drink licence. By the time the racing is over most of the London public-houses are closed. There is really no need to point the moral of these facts.

Then there is the argument urged against greyhound racing that man is conspiring to delude a noble animal. Even grown cats like playing with cotton reels, a spaniel will play for hours at retrieving an old hat, a terrier will worry a child's doll with a light-heartedness which shows

that he is getting real fun out of pretending it is a rat. I cannot see why we should deny to the greyhound the same enjoyment in make-believe. It has been asked: "How long will it be before the greyhound finds it out?" I strongly suspect that he has found it out already—but enjoying, as a man or a horse does, racing against his fellows, as long as an electric hare is propelled in front of him he will chase it to the full bent of his splendid energies.

A word of warning may be given to those who, like the writer, are urged to go and see the racing for themselves. Travelling by the advertised route is a very crowded and disagreeable business. Railway carriages are full to overflowing with a noisy, boisterous crowd. I mapped out a route of my own, going by District from Charing Cross to Hammersmith Broadway and thence by Metropolitan to Wood Lane. The trains were no more crowded than they normally are in the rush hours. Visitors must also be prepared to mingle with the crowd. There are some boxes, but there is no special enclosure for the well dressed or the well behaved.

J. B. STERNDAL-BENNETT.

## LIFE AND POLITICS

IRISH FREE STATE politics are, I am afraid, a puzzle which most English people who are not concerned racially are content to glance at and put aside. There is one aspect of the present crisis which is so remarkable that it is everywhere discussed. This is the amazing behaviour of Mr. De Valera, who, after making the taking of the oath the great stumbling block all these years; having even threatened civil war on the oath issue; having repeatedly declared he would never take it, suddenly swallows a mountain of his own words and the oath as well—with reservations which our fathers would have described as Jesuitical. This proceeding seems to the plain person over here a piece of amazing political cynicism. Mr. De Valera has debased the moral coinage of politics. He takes the oath, letting it be understood (1) that it is, after all, of no importance, and (2) that he has taken it so as to obtain power to work for its abolition. On this last point I find myself for once cheering Lord Birkenhead for his timely declaration that the British Government will not for a moment be a party to tampering with the oath. That would be a threefold disloyalty—to the Dominions, to the British public, and to Northern Ireland.

During the past fortnight I have had the advantage of discussing the Sacco and Vanzetti affair with several liberal-minded Americans. One of them had read the evidence and formed the opinion that they were probably guilty, but nevertheless signed a petition for a new trial on the ground that local political feeling may have prejudiced their case. This doubt as to the fairness of the original trial is shared by most Americans of my acquaintance. On the other hand, the feature of the terrible business which oppresses the average Englishman does not seem to be so important to the average American, perhaps because familiarity with legal peculiarities of procedure has bred indifference—I mean, of course, the long delay and suspense which has subjected the wretched men to torture worse almost than death. Many of us on this side feel that we are safe on the solid ground of humanity in holding that, even if they are guilty, Sacco and Vanzetti have had sufficient punishment. I am sorry that there has been no powerfully supported plea for mercy made from England to America on these lines alone. A natural and laudable

disinclination to hurt American sensibilities has, I suppose, restrained prominent people here from intervening in public with criticisms of the trial. To base the appeal on the sufferings of the two men during seven years of suspense would be to avoid any criticism that might reasonably be resented, and it would hold good whether they are innocent or guilty, a matter on which few people in England would claim to possess the means of forming an opinion. The one aspect of the affair on which everyone does possess a right to an opinion is the necessity in the interests of common humanity of setting Sacco and Vanzetti free.

\* \* \*

The case of Sir Gerald Strickland raises an interesting problem in divided loyalties. Sir Gerald Strickland is the Conservative Member for Lancaster. He is also a member of the Legislative Assembly of Malta, which ranks, I think, as a colony with responsible government. Sir Gerald Strickland, who in Malta wears the Maltese title of Count della Catena, has just become Prime Minister of the island, apparently with the support of the Labour Party. It may seem odd to us that a Conservative should take office with Labour support. The explanation, I gather, is that in Malta the dividing line in politics is between the Pro-British and the Pro-Italian elements; Sir Gerald Strickland (naturally), and also his allies or friends, belonging to the former. It is certainly interesting, and so far as my memory goes at the moment, unprecedented for a Member of the British Parliament to become the Prime Minister of a colony. The curious division of Sir Gerald Strickland's energies between Westminster and Malta has been in the past the subject of comment in both places. The situation becomes "curiouser and curiouser" now that he has become Prime Minister. The question of interest over here is what is to become of the representation of Lancaster in our Parliament. It is understood that Sir Gerald Strickland does not intend to stand again at the next election. What is to happen in the meanwhile? Obviously the chief call upon his time will be in Malta. Are we to be confronted with another virtual suspension of representation, such as happened in the case of Bosworth? I merely ask for information.

\* \* \*

In Bath recently a very serious outbreak of poisoning among children was suspected—without proof as yet—to be due to eating ice-cream. It is inevitable that ice-cream should be suspect, and it will continue to be suspect until the Government take the long over-due step of controlling the making and selling of the stuff. It may seem incredible, but it is quite true that, except in those places where the local authorities have taken powers, the public have no safeguard whatever that the ice-cream sold in the streets is not a dangerous food. The big manufacturers of ice-cream who use careful methods are well aware of the damage done to their industry by this extraordinary laxity. At present there is no legal definition of ice-cream. The chief trade organization urges the Government to fix a standard definition and to control the making and selling in the same way that milk is controlled in all the stages. As things are there is often no protection against the selling of ice-cream made in insanitary homes from deleterious substances, a situation which is disastrous to the decent manufacturer who wishes to supply a sound article and to raise the credit of ice-cream in the community. For some reason the Government is reluctant to pass the legislation that is necessary to save us from these periodical scares about the dangers of ice-cream. If ice-cream was legally recognized as a food containing a fixed quantity of milk, it could then be inspected like dairy produce and offenders brought to book to the satisfaction of all honest traders and to the relief of innumerable parents.



Lovers of Sussex are following with sympathy the struggle of the people of its county town to prevent building within the precincts of Lewes Castle. Lewes is one of the most delightful of all south country towns, and the charming picture it affords, with its red roofs and diverse old houses, set in the frame of down and meadow, is best seen from the top of the Castle Keep. I hope that Mr. Kipling and his fellow protesters will succeed in restraining the East Sussex County Council from ruining the harmony of grey stone that dominates Lewes by the proximity of a block of new offices and from cutting through the curtain wall of the Castle. The keep and barbican are safe in the keeping of the Sussex Archaeological Society, who maintain an entertaining collection of curiosities there, but in the past the precincts have been cumbered with incongruous buildings, and it would be a pity to allow any further encroachment. The proper thing would be to throw open all the gardens and spaces within the ancient walls to the public, but at any rate the argument of the Council that they would only be adding one more building ought to be treated with the contempt it deserves. Lewes hitherto has escaped modernization wonderfully well; its suburb of Southover at the bottom of the hill is the most mellow-toned and picturesque of suburbs, or rather of dependent villages. As Dr. Johnson remarked at Cowdray: "Sir, we see here how our ancestors lived."

What discoveries await the patient "London Perambulator"! I have been in Fetter Lane countless times, and passed the dingy doorway inscribed "Moravian Chapel," but only on Monday did I explore the dim alley leading into it, and find myself in one of the most interesting and least known of meeting houses. Hidden away from view, the resort of a handful of Brethren, the Moravian Chapel gives one a perfect impression of the old Puritan simplicity. The place has been quite untouched since the middle of the eighteenth century when the Moravians entered into possession: the building is probably much older than that. If "Praise-God Barebones" could return to the scene of his preaching he would find little altered. The chapel is stern, and bare, and singularly withdrawn from the world; a fitting home for a community that can trace its spiritual ancestry back to the primitive heroes of Protestantism. This week was celebrated the bicentenary of the establishment of the Church in the form in which it still exists, with its Presbyterian government and semi-episcopal order. My visit was made under the courteous guidance of a gentle "Bishop," and he reminded me that it was in this very place that John Wesley severed himself from the Moravians and went out to establish his separate ministry. One might, therefore, call the Fetter Lane Conventicle the birthplace of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. Before I came away I climbed the gallery stairs and, looking down into Nevill's Court through a window, I saw the deep pits from which an antiquary has dug relics of London from the forgotten rubbish heaps of many civilizations. In London the ages jostle one another within a few feet under the ground.

I must have expressed myself very badly in my note on greyhound racing to have exposed myself to the friendly criticism of Mr. J. L. Hammond in his letter to THE NATION this week. Let me attempt to clear my character as a humane person by assuring him that when I complained of greyhound racing as being poor sport, I did not mean that it is "poor" because it does not include the killing of a live hare. I had not the coursing of live hares in my mind at all. I was regarding the racing simply in itself, and as such I thought it to be poor sport in the sense of being uninteresting to watch—a poor spectacle.

Mr. Hammond and myself are completely at one in having no sympathy whatever with those who find pleasure in the sight of killing hares for "sport." If it is true, as he says, that the popularity of the new greyhound racing is making it difficult to carry on live hare coursing, I would certainly revise my opinion about the former on that ground. If the mechanical hare is causing the decline of coursing, so much the better. It remains a nice question whether the advantage so obtained outweighs the unquestionable evil of the enormous extension of small betting which greyhound racing has introduced. In answer to the question Mr. Hammond puts to me, I really do not know whether the dogs enjoy racing against each other, but I should think that any pleasure they derive from it must be a good deal qualified by the persistent fraud which is practised upon them in the disappearance of the electric hare.

The Italian part of Mont Blanc has been rechristened "Vetta Mussolini" by the Fascists. Fortunately the summit of Monte Generoso is just not in Italy.

KAPPA.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### BRITAIN AS A RENTIER

SIR,—Mr. Brand returns to his simile of the "gentleman farmer." He compares the position of the country as a whole to that of a gentleman farmer who, out of goodwill and unearned income, pays his employees at the wage rate, of  $x + y$ , whereas his neighbours and competitors can only afford to pay the standard rate of  $x$ . Mr. Brand claims that in these circumstances the gentleman farmer must either "abandon his farm or be content to see it run at a loss." Surely this dilemma is only a matter of bookkeeping. In his farm accounts the farmer should only charge as wages  $x$ , and on his farm he will then earn the same profit, or possibly a little more, than his neighbours. The voluntary allowance ( $y$ ) which he makes to his employees is in the nature of a charity and should be carried to whatever account he puts down his usual charitable subscriptions.

On the general question raised by Mr. Brand, may I put this argument to him? The general mass of the population are better fed and better clothed than in pre-war days. This is due in part to the distribution of the national income through the machinery of taxation and social legislation. Consequently the national savings are lower and there is less available for investment abroad. The capacity of the foreigner to buy British goods is, therefore, reduced, and to this extent the export trade suffers as the result of the difference in the distribution of foreign income as compared with pre-war conditions. By this argument an increase in our foreign income should *ceteris paribus* increase our new foreign loans and thus assist the export trade. If I have correctly understood the argument of Mr. Brand's letter of July 26th, an increase in our foreign income should still further worsen the position of the export trade, because it would, according to him, still further increase the cost of production.—Yours, &c.,

C. R. V. COURTS.

25, Moorgate.  
August 15th, 1927.

## THE FUTURE OF FREE TRADE

SIR,—THE NATION is deeply respected by Liberals of all shades, but "Kappa's" gift for writing provocative nonsense is rather trying even to your most loyal readers.

Take this gem from his last week's contribution: "Up to the present international politics only too obviously have not developed as the great Free Traders of the mid-nineteenth century hoped, and even in England the future of Free Trade is becoming very doubtful."

The first limb of this sentence is, "only too obviously,"

a statement of fact. In what respect have international politics not developed as the great Free Traders of the mid-nineteenth century hoped? What Cobden and Bright advocated was that the removal of tariff barriers between nations would tend to the preservation of international peace, and that the preservation and/or increase of tariff barriers tended to provoke war. Does not the experience of Europe prove the soundness of Cobden's teaching? As the sentence stands it looks as though "Kappa" was labouring under the same picturesque illusion that Joseph Chamberlain laboured under in the great controversy of 1904, that Cobden advocated Free Trade in England on the ground that the rest of the world would follow our example. Is this what "Kappa" had in mind? If it is, it is time he learnt that the statement is, historically, utterly untrue.

The second limb of the sentence consists partly of opinion and partly of fact—that is to say, it is "Kappa's" view that the cause of Free Trade is not very promising as an electioneering asset. What is this opinion founded upon? The fiscal issue was submitted to the judgment of the electorate, definitely for the first time since 1846, both in 1906 and in 1923. On both occasions the Protectionists were smitten hip and thigh. It may be, of course, that "Kappa" fears, as many others do, that the Safeguarding of Industries Act may unfasten the rivets that secure the foundation of our system of Free Imports. That cynical betrayal of the great cause of Free Trade does not affect the value of the cause as an electioneering asset. The lesson it teaches relates to persons and not to principles. It does raise misgiving in the minds of many Liberals and Free Traders as to what will happen should Mr. Lloyd George ever get into the saddle again.—Yours, &c.,

ARTEMUS JONES.

Bwlchgwynn, Rhayader, Radnorshire.

["Kappa" writes: "Mr. Artemus Jones does not produce a very convincing quotation to support his amiable description of my note on Cobden as 'provocative nonsense.' The sentence selected would not surely provoke a Liberal of normal equanimity. It expresses a commonplace, or rather two commonplaces, in necessarily condensed form, and the odd thing is that my critic's comments show that he heartily agrees with what I meant in writing it. His indignation is roused by meanings which, with unnecessary ingenuity, he attaches to my words; meanings which they do not bear on a candid interpretation. I made no reference to the perversion of Cobden's teaching to which he refers, and it would be an amusing but hopeless detective problem to find any warrant for the statement that I consider Free Trade to be a bad electoral asset. The only part of Mr. Jones's letter which does not surprise me is his irrelevant attack on Mr. Lloyd George."]

### "MOTHER INDIA"

SIR,—A word of explanation regarding my letter about "Mother India" to which "Femina" has so strongly objected.

Your correspondent maintains that my comparison between England and India "is not only useless but pernicious," because "England does not permit rape. India does." I believe it is quite useless to argue the point with a person who wilfully chooses to forget the sense of plain English words. I can only refer "Femina" to the Indian Penal code, which bans any carnal knowledge of a girl below thirteen as rape, as emphatically and distinctly as the Criminal Law Amendment Act quoted to show the difference. Your correspondent says that "It is not because the cruelties take place, but because they are 'permitted' that the system is condemned." Unless it is meant to be a fine play of words, I fail to appreciate the subtle distinction. Who is supposed to be permitting it in the face of a definite law of the land? The system of child marriage, "Femina" seems to think. I know it is difficult to make some people understand that marriage is essentially a social and not a sexual relation, yet I might point out that child marriage does not permit sexual intercourse with children, which is as much a heinous crime in India as it is in England. And if a few moral perverts abuse their position and defy the law (as Miss Mayo's twelve cases show), it does not mean

the morals of a whole people are wrong. To talk of "legalization of lust and cruelty" is fine rhetoric perhaps, but betrays a slight oversight of the meaning of "legalization."

As I pointed out in my letter, it is not fair to talk of even a "revolting religion" without understanding what that religion is. Hinduism may be nothing more than condensed barbarism, yet with due deference to the knowledge at the command of your correspondent, I might point out that it does not sanction child marriage. The custom, like any other custom, originated in convenience. Like so many other customs it has not kept pace with the times, and this rigidity has probably done a good deal of harm.

As I said, I had personally no desire to defend the custom. It is being attacked by eminent Indian thinkers. But that should not goad sane thinking people to the monstrous libel that rape, lust, and cruelty is the essence of the people who can stand such a custom. That is why I objected to Miss Mayo's line of attack.

Regarding the question of literature, I do not want to say much. Your correspondent thinks I am not entitled to talk of Oscar Wilde or Shaw, especially in one breath. It must be right. Might I point out that my being or not being conversant with their works is beside the point. It does not alter the fact that thousands of men do not agree with Wilde or Shaw, nor the still more vital truth that such difference of opinion does not take a grain off their literary value.

I fail to understand the needless allusion to the jury who sent Wilde to prison. I assume they tried him as a citizen who had broken the law. Whatever they thought has no bearing whatsoever on Wilde as either a moral or a literary being.

In the end I want to thank "Femina" for the compliment (if conscious) that my logic is unmistakably indicative of my sex.—Yours, &c.,

S. S. D.

### RELATIVE BIRTH RATES

SIR.—In reply to Mr. Harold Helby's letter, may I say that I did not in the least mean to suggest that the intellectual stocks should be encouraged at the expense of others? We certainly do need variety. A healthy society requires a stable intellectual class, a land-worker's class, capable hand-workers, &c., all in the right proportion—and, of course, opportunities of ascent for the able.

It was my point that the more specifically intellectual stocks (and such stocks do exist) are in modern England declining rapidly, with the result that we are getting relatively too many people of the manual workers' type, and marked ability of the mental sort is becoming very scarce. One continually sees in the papers that heads of large firms or of Government Departments complain of the difficulty of finding young men of conspicuous ability. But this is natural when one considers that the most able families have now given up producing the children needed for their continuance.

It would not be "uniformity" if these stocks were to maintain themselves, side by side, with the others. On the contrary, we are tending more and more towards uniformity now, on the proletarian level!

A man does not cease to be a democrat because he realizes that people are not all alike. Let all classes have fair play; but it would be obscurantism to deny that the study of eugenics has proved the inheritance of ability, and it is "up to" the State to see that something is done to help the able families as well as the pauper or unemployed, if the former are unable to hold their own under modern conditions.—Yours &c.,

MEYRICK BOOTH.

Cries, Tirol.

August 7th, 1927.

SIR.—Mr. Helby's and Mr. Meyrick Booth's interesting letters show clearly how great are still the misconceptions under which students of population labour, and I should like to take the opportunity of calling your readers' attention to the forthcoming Conference on Population Problems of the World, which will be held in Geneva at the end of August. Serious students of these vital questions will want



to make themselves acquainted with the Report which will be published in early autumn.

Those who know most of the subject will not turn to that volume with the hope of finding precise data in answer to all the questions which one naturally asks. What they will find is how wide of the truth are many of the confident assertions made by some of your correspondents, and how ill-equipped are the statisticians of most nations for provision of the facts and figures on which alone the true policy can rest.

While working on the programme of the above Conference, I have had occasion to see comparative natalities of different social strata for the few countries which are capable of providing them, and I will only quote here that of Germany, from which country emanate probably the most careful studies that we have. The average number of births per marriage in the Jewish families (which are regarded as high in birth-rate) from the urban well-to-do stratum of the population was in 1913, 2.2, and in 1920, just over 1. A survey undertaken for insurance purposes of a prosperous town gave for the lower grades of paid officials, 1.17 in family, the higher grades, as 1.02.

These figures are issued from the School of Social Hygiene, University of Berlin, and they therefore make one doubt whether the German sociologists who claim that the fall in the birth-rate amongst the upper classes in Germany is as serious as anywhere else in the world, cannot produce something for the average figure for the well-to-do population much lower than Mr. Booth's 3.

Reliable data from Italy are now being extracted by the Director of National Statistics in Rome, and will appear in the Report above referred to.

The figures for Holland are particularly interesting, as they touch the whole subject on which your correspondents write. Birth control was introduced early into Holland, but it was introduced by the unofficial, widespread teaching of a simple method amongst the very poor by midwives. The result, after some fifty years, is that the Differential Birth-rate in Holland is far less steep between social class and social class than in the United States, England, or Germany;

the general average of stature in the population appears to be rising, while ours is falling. The expectation of life and mortality curves resemble those in other countries.

Here one comes to a possible solution of some of our difficulties slightly at variance with that of Mr. Booth. It would appear that the high sense of social responsibility which nowadays forces a community to provide for its infirm, its defective, and its very poor units, the high numerical increase owing to unlimited families in these latter classes, have the economic and psychological effect of inducing the more responsible groups (whether professional or *artisan*) to limit their progeny rigidly. Where family limitation obtains amongst the very poor and where careful measures for the avoidance of family liabilities by degenerates are also attempted, this sense of social pressure does not obtain, and the intelligent artisan, the responsible official, the highly educated professional man, and the wealthy are as glad as in our grandparents' time to have a reasonably large family.

The ideals which underlie Mr. Helby's little letter sound so philanthropic as to make the average Eugenist appear callous, if not cruel, but humanitarian feelings to-day must justify themselves in the lime-light of scientific knowledge. Does Mr. Helby really mean that we should wittingly allow reproduction by types which produce individuals who call forth pity? The ordinary healthy, happy, intelligent human being will call forth a mixture of pity and respect when undergoing the suffering of circumstance which is the lot of all human life; the pity which some bestow on characters, quaint and pathetic in the simplicity of imperfection and which would even call for the reproduction generation by generation of this same imperfection, seems to me an emotion which, while it gives gratifying warmth to him who feels it, makes the scientific observer shudder at its thoughtlessness—surely a thoughtlessness as cruel as the rough handling of live things by "cruel" little boys.—Yours, &c.,

C. B. S. HODSON.

World Population Conference,  
199, Piccadilly.  
August 8th, 1927.

## LIFE ITSELF

By VIRGINIA WOOLF

ONE could wish that the psycho-analysts would go into the question of diary keeping. For often it is the one mysterious fact in a life otherwise as clear as the sky and as candid as the dawn. Parson Woodforde\* is a case in point—his diary is the only mystery about him. For forty-three years he sat down almost daily to record what he did on Monday and what he had for dinner on Tuesday; but for whom he wrote or why he wrote it is impossible to say. He does not unburden his soul in his diary; yet it is no mere record of engagements and expenses. As for literary fame, there is no sign that he ever thought of it, and finally though the man himself is peaceable above all things, there are little indiscretions and criticisms which would have got him into trouble and hurt the feelings of his friends had they read them. What purpose, then, did the sixty-eight little books fulfil? Perhaps it was the desire for intimacy. When James Woodforde opened one of his neat manuscript books he entered into conversation with a second James Woodforde, who was not quite the same as the reverend gentleman who visited the poor and preached in the church. These two friends said much that all the world might hear; but they had a few secrets which they shared with each other only. It was a great comfort, for example, that Christmas when Nancy, Betsy, and Mr. Walker seemed to be in conspiracy against him, to exclaim

in the diary, "The treatment I meet with for my Civility this Christmas is to me abominable." The second James Woodforde sympathized and agreed. Again, when a stranger abused his hospitality it was a relief to inform the other self who lived in the little book that he had put him to sleep in the attic story, "and I treated him as one that would be too free if treated kindly." It is easy to understand why, in the quiet life of a country parish, these two bachelor friends became in time inseparable. An essential part of him would have died had he been forbidden to keep his diary. And as we read—if reading is the word for it—we seem to be listening to someone who is murmuring over the events of the day to himself in the quiet space which precedes sleep. It is not writing, and, to speak the truth, it is not reading. It is slipping through half a dozen pages and strolling to the window and looking out. It is going on thinking about the Woodfordes while we watch the people in the street below. It is taking a walk and making up the life and character of James Woodforde as we make up our friends' characters, turning over something they have said, pondering the meaning of something they have done, remembering how they looked one day when they thought themselves unobserved. It is not reading; it is ruminating.

James Woodforde, then, was one of those smooth-cheeked, steady-eyed men, demure to look at, whom we can never imagine except in the prime of life. He was of an

\* "The Diary of a Country Parson." Vol. III. Edited by John Beresford. (Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d.)

equable temper, with only such acerbities and touchinesses as are generally to be found in those who have had a love affair in their youth and remained, as they fancy, unwed because of it. The Parson's love affair, however, was nothing very tremendous. Once when he was a young man in Somerset he liked to walk over to Shepton and to visit a certain "sweet tempered" Betsy White who lived there. He had a great mind "to make a bold stroke" and ask her to marry him. He went so far, indeed, as to propose marriage "when opportunity served," and Betsy was willing. But he delayed; time passed; four years passed indeed, and Betsy went to Devonshire, met a Mr. Webster, who had five hundred pounds a year, and married him. When James Woodforde met them in the turnpike road he could say little, "being shy," but to his diary he remarked—and this no doubt was his private version of the affair ever after—"she has proved herself to me a mere jilt."

But he was a young man then, and as time went on we cannot help suspecting that he was glad to consider the question of marriage shelved once and for all so that he might settle down with his niece Nancy at Weston Longueville, and give himself simply and solely, every day and all day, to the great business of living. What else to call it we do not know. It seems to be life itself.

For James Woodforde was nothing in particular. Life had it all her own way with him. He had no special gift; he had no oddity or infirmity. It is idle to pretend that he was a zealous priest. God in Heaven was much the same to him as King George upon the throne—a kindly Monarch, that is to say, whose festivals one kept by preaching a sermon on Sunday much as one kept the Royal birthday by firing a blunderbuss and drinking a toast at dinner. Should anything untoward happen, like the death of a boy who was dragged and killed by a horse, he would instantly, but rather perfunctorily exclaim, "I hope to God the Poor Boy is happy," and add, "We all came home singing"; just as when Justice Creed's peacock spread its tail—"and most noble it is"—he would exclaim, "How wonderful are Thy Works O God in every Being." But there was no fanaticism, no enthusiasm, no lyric impulse about James Woodforde. In all these pages, indeed, each so neatly divided into compartments, and each of those again filled, as the days themselves were, so quietly and so fully in a hand like the pacing of a well-tempered nag, one can only call to mind a single poetic phrase about the transit of Venus, how "It appeared as a black patch upon a fair Lady's face." The words themselves are mild enough, but they hang over the undulating expanse of the Parson's prose with the resplendence of the star itself. So in the fen country a barn or a tree appears twice its natural size against the surrounding flats. But what led him to this palpable excess that summer's night we do not know. It cannot have been that he was drunk. He spoke out too roundly against such failings in his brother Jack to have been guilty himself. Jack was the wild one of the family. Jack drank at the "Catherine Wheel." Jack came home and had the impudence to defend suicide to his old father. James himself drank his pint of port, but he was a man who liked his meat. When we think of the Woodfordes, Uncle and Niece, we think of them as often as not waiting with some impatience for their dinner. They gravely watch the joint set upon the table; they swiftly get their knives and forks to work upon the succulent leg or loin, and without much comment, unless a word is passed about the gravy or the stuffing, go on eating. They munch, day after day, year after year, until they have devoured herds of sheep and oxen, flocks of poultry, an odd dozen or so of swans and cygnets, bushels of apples and plums, while

the pastries and the jellies crumble and squash beneath their spoons in mountains, in pyramids, in pagodas. Never was there a book so stuffed with food as this one is. To read the bill of fare respectfully and punctually set forth gives one a sense of repletion. It is as if one had lunched at Simpsons daily for a week. Trout and chicken, mutton and peas, pork and apple sauce—so the joints succeed each other at dinner, and there is supper with more joints still to come, all, no doubt, home grown, and of the juiciest and sweetest; all cooked, often by the mistress herself, in the plainest English way, save when the dinner was at Weston Hall and Mrs. Custance surprised them with a London dainty—a pyramid of jelly, that is to say, with a "landscape appearing through it." Then Mrs. Custance, for whom James Woodforde had a chivalrous devotion, would play the "Sticcardo Pastorale," and make "very soft music indeed"; or would get out her work-box and show them how neatly contrived it was, unless indeed Mrs. Custance were giving birth to another child upstairs, whom the Parson would baptize and very frequently bury. The Parson had a deep respect for the Custances. They were all that country gentry should be—a little given to the habit of keeping mistresses, perhaps, but that peccadillo could be forgiven them in view of their generosity to the poor, the kindness they showed to Nancy, and their condescension in asking the Parson to dinner when they had great people staying with them. Yet great people were not much to James's liking. Deeply though he respected the nobility, "one must confess," he said, "that being with our equals is much more agreeable."

He was too fond of his ease, and too shrewd a judge of the values of things to be much troubled with snobbery; he much preferred the quiet of his own fireside to adventuring after dissipation abroad. If an old man brought a Madagascar monkey to the door, or a Polish dwarf or a balloon was being shown at Norwich, the Parson would go and have a look at them, and be free with his shillings, but he was a quiet man, a man without ambition, and it is more than likely that his niece found him a little dull. It is the niece Nancy, to speak plainly, who makes us uneasy. There are the seeds of domestic disaster in her character, unless we mistake. It is true that on the afternoon of April 27th, 1780, she expressed a wish to read Aristotle's philosophy, which Miss Millard had got of a married woman, but she is a stolid girl; she eats too much, she grumbles too much, and she takes too much to heart the loss of her red box. No doubt she was sensible enough; we will not blame her for being pert and saucy, or for losing her temper at cards, or even for hiding the parcel that came by post when her Uncle longed to know what was in it, and had never done such a thing by her. But when we compare her with Betsy Davy we realize that one human being has only to come into the room to raise our spirits, and another sets us on edge merely by the way she blows her nose. Betsy, the daughter of that frivolous wanton Mrs. Davy (who fell downstairs the day Miss Donne swallowed the barley corn with its stalk), Betsy the shy little girl, Betsy livening up and playing with the Parson's wig, Betsy falling in love with Mr. Walker, Betsy receiving the present of a fox's brush from him, Betsy compromising her reputation with a scamp, Betsy bereaved of him—for Mr. Walker died at the age of twenty-three and was buried in a plain coffin—Betsy left, it is to be feared, in a very scandalous condition—Betsy always charms; we forgive Betsy anything. The trouble with Nancy is that she is beginning to find Weston dull. No suitor has yet appeared. It is but too likely that the ten years of Parson Woodforde's life that still remain will often have to record how Nancy teased him with her grumbling.



The ten years that remain—one knows, of course, that it must come to an end. Already the Custances have gone to Bath; the Parson has had a touch of gout; far away, with a sound like distant thunder, we hear the guns of the French Revolution. But it is comforting to observe that the imprisonment of the French King and Queen and the anarchy and confusion in Paris are only mentioned after it has been recorded that Thomas Ram has lost his cow, and that Parson Woodforde has "brewed another Barrell of Table Beer to-day." We have a notion, indeed—and here it must be confessed that we have given up reading Parson Woodforde altogether, and merely tell over the story on a stroll through fields where the hares are scampering and the rooks rising above the elm trees—we have a notion that Parson Woodforde does not die. Parson Woodforde goes on. It is we who change and perish. It is the Kings and Queens who lie in prison. It is the great towns that are ravaged with anarchy and confusion. But the river Wensum still flows; Mrs. Custance is brought to bed of yet another baby; there is the first swallow of the year. The spring comes and summer with its hay and its strawberries; then autumn when the walnuts are exceptionally fine, though the pears are poor; so we lapse into winter, which is indeed boisterous, but the house, thank God, withstands the storm; and then again there is the first swallow, and Parson Woodforde takes his greyhounds out a-coursing.

## A WAR NIGHT

FROM the bedroom window, through the bushes and trees in the garden, he caught a glimpse of the high-road, running steeply out of Egham, westwards over the Surrey heaths. The reading lamp, screened from the eyes of police, cast a green tint over the emblems of his rank of infantry captain. He leaned out of the window. The night was still and warm under heavy clouds. Turning his head to the left, towards the village, he thought he heard many strong voices singing somewhere in the direction of the station. Unmistakably men were singing. He listened incuriously and, when the sound stopped, he turned away and sat down. He dozed for some time and then woke with a start as a dense purring seemed to fill the night. A succession of yellow flashes passed swiftly over the dark wall above, illuminating, in quick rotation, the pictures, the mirror, the sharp angle of the corner. He crossed to the window again and saw a long file of military ambulances creeping up the hill. He remained motionless, lost in vague and weary reflections.

Voices below distracted him. Along the short drive, four light figures, followed by a tall hobbling form, approached the house. He smiled, appeased at heart, and went to the bedside table to take up his book. People were moving in the hall underneath, and someone came to his door. After his call, given in response to her knock, his sister Jane entered.

"I thought you'd be sitting up for us. Isn't that like you?" she said.

They stood together, their faces in shadow above the lamp.

"Why must you stay out so late when this place is full of soldiers?" he asked.

"We were with Denis, weren't we? You knew."

"Who sang just now?"

"The R.A.M.C. men at the station waiting for the hospital train," she answered. "Oh, Frank, the wounded soldiers were so white and still." She broke off. "A cigarette, please," she added with nervous impatience. By

the match flame, he could see that her face, too, was very white.

"So terribly bandaged," she went on, her lips just moving in the glow. "I felt faint."

He said nothing.

"I can't bear it," she exclaimed, all at once. "If you . . . the thought of your . . ."

"There's no limit to what you can bear," he said, roughly. "You might have known that by now."

"Yes, I know," she agreed, with a false little laugh. "I'm silly. I'm always saying things like that," her voice trailed off.

They were silent. It occurred to him that she was not only unwilling but also unable to move. A current of air swept round the room and the window curtains shivered.

"I came up," she said, "to ask you something. It's about your going back to the front the day after to-morrow. There's only to-morrow left. I can't think beyond to-morrow." Her strained voice caused him the bitter pain provoked by a domestic calamity. He concealed his helpless rage to be free of these ties of blood and affection. In his weariness he heard her restless tones, calling him to defend, to cherish, and to comfort, from which there was never any respite.

"To-morrow, I suppose, we'll go on the river as we always do. But I can't face the thought of a long summer day on the river, the long evening, with no chance of escaping from myself—that long peace, with nothing between us and the next day, when you go back, but those quiet hours, when we all sit together half whispering—and then the dusk and coming home in the dark across the meads for the last time. I can't stand it. I can't. I can't." She wrung her hands, a gesture which betrayed her fear that it might not have been in her power to convey to him the full strength of her emotion. And it seemed to her, indeed, at that moment, that she would have given her life to make him feel what she felt. "I must have some distraction, a sense of distraction before the end. I want you to take us to Town in the evening to dinner and a theatre. Then I shan't mind going on the river until four or five—as long as I know there's going to be some change, some change, if only a little one like that. It will be something to look forward to before you go, something gay that has to be done before you go. Do you see? Do you understand? Frank, my darling, I daren't think. I'm tormented."

A vicious and unexpected gust of cold, bringing the memory of times when he had raved in his heart against wind and rain merciless and indifferent to him, gave his reply a touch of venom: "I shall only take you if it rains."

"You are mad," she burst out furiously. "Do you mean to tell me you won't take us unless it rains, on the chance that if it doesn't there may be a raid?"

His silence was answer enough for her. She was paralyzed with indignation.

"How can you, who've been to the front, talk like that? You can have no imagination or you'd know what it means to me to go. You'd know what it means. Are you so stupid that you can't think of a better reason . . .?"

She was suddenly exhausted. She raised her hands and pressed under her fingers his smooth firm neck of a young man.

"You're unspoilt," she said. "You've been at the front for two years and you've come out untouched. And how can it go on like that? How? It can't. I know it can't. When I read the papers and hear what people say, I know it can't. And just think, that we sit here in quiet day after day, knowing that at any second, at any little

second, you are in danger. And when I think how unspoilt you are . . . I remember meeting you in Town just before you went to Oxford. It was at a corner in Shaftesbury Avenue and you kept me waiting. And suddenly I saw you coming along, and I realized how tall you were, how good to look at. And I was proud of my discovery. . . . But if you knew how I want to go to-morrow. If only you knew what it means to me to go."

"Jane, what's the matter with you? You, of all people to go to pieces like this. . . . Be reasonable. A raid's a raid. You're safe here, and if I can keep you here, I will, torment or no torment, quiet hours or no. All that's soon forgotten. But if you were hurt, I should never forget. I've seen too many risks run. And as for me, what does it matter, how can it matter?" His voice changed. "Can't you realize that there is nothing else left for me in all this life but to go back and take my part in that . . . criminal folly?"

She locked her hands behind his neck, and her head, with the white face and half-closed eyes, swayed a little between her hunched shoulders.

"It may rain," she said. "There's a cold wind blowing." She pulled his head down and kissed him. She began crying.

"Tell me, Frank, will the war ever end? Will it go on for ever and ever until you are all killed? I am so tired of it. So bitterly tired." In the draughty darkness above the lamp, her speech and her tears gathered faster. "Was it so terrible the night Denis was wounded? Tell me, Frank, what was it like? Did he scream? Frank, my darling, I'd rather a thousand times you lost your leg and arm like Denis than you were killed."

She was silent. When he spoke, it was with a dismayed voice, under the urgent impulse of forewarning her: "Sometimes it is so easy to be killed there, that to escape death is . . . miraculous."

She seemed petrified.

"At the front, one of the things that gives me some . . . comfort is the thought of your being safe here at home. It's selfish. But you're selfish too. Suppose a bomb did happen to fall on the theatre we were in. . . . Be reasonable."

"I see all that," she returned. "It may rain."

He winced. "I hate feeling like . . . like a bully," he stammered.

To shut out his intolerable words she buried her face in his breast, but she could still hear him speaking in a whisper.

"Be reasonable, my dear. There are distractions, war or no war. Theatres, dinners, guests here on winter nights, a pretty lively London. One doesn't remember all the time."

She was discouraged.

"It's no use making mountains out of molehills," his voice died out.

The curtains tossed in the wind and the hiss of relentless rain was slowly filling the night.

"I know that rain," she said. "It goes on for days. We'll go to-morrow. Oh, how cold it is." She shivered.

A piercing sense of regret possessed him.

"You're so like me," he said, "that I don't know how to behave to you. I hurt you blindly as I do myself. And the war, this terrible coming home . . . my nerves are in pieces. You must forgive me. There's something the matter with me."

"Never mind." In her despondence there was somehow no pain. "I see no end to this."

He made no reply, for there was none to make.

HERBERT KAHAN.

## THE DRAMA FOR COUNTRY COUSINS

I AM unfortunately ill-fitted for the task that has been imposed upon me as I belong to a large class which sweats for a living in town and flies gladly to the country for enjoyment. How can I, then, counsel those contrary beings who pass their working days in the country and trip up to London for pleasure? But I will do my best.

In any case, the choice is restricted, as an unusual number of theatres have been closed. Nor has the season been a very interesting one. Last year's flutter has hardly been maintained. To begin with, there is but little "highbrow stuff" to uplift our country cousins. Strindberg's "The Father," shortly to be moved from Hampstead to the Savoy, holds this particular field, and the management of the Everyman is reaping the advantages that often accompany a streak of originality. "The Father" is not one of Strindberg's masterpieces. Still, a bad play by Strindberg is better than a good play by most other people. "The Father" is one of the very few plays running which even pretend to be works of art. All those seeking æsthetic fodder should go to the Savoy, where the first piece is to be a hitherto unproduced play of Sir J. M. Barrie called "Barbara's Wedding." The transfer takes place on August 23rd.

To those not easily bored and not too painfully cursed with an historical sense, "When Crummles Played" at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, may be recommended. I did not myself much like the production, but Mr. Thesiger certainly takes the leading part extremely well. I notice this theatre is now advertised as being the "Comédie française of London." It has often been my misfortune to criticize Mr. Playfair, but I have never said anything half as offensive as that. Meanwhile, "George Barnwell" would be worth seeing if only because it revealed the quagmires of sentimentality in which the supposedly cynical eighteenth century delighted to wallow.

After art and history, pure thought should be encouraged. Anyone at all behind the times in his or her morals will find the latest theories aired in Mr. Miles Malleon's great success "The Fanatics." Mr. Owen Nares is, unfortunately, away ill, but Mr. Nicholas Hannen is, if possible, even handsomer than he, and should fill the house during the "dead season."

The blameless humours of "Yellow Sands" will be a soothing antidote to anyone with nerves lacerated by the spectacle of a too-adamant morality. This artless comedy, which is extremely well acted, pursues a triumphant career. Any peasants passing through the Metropolis might profitably learn from "Yellow Sands" which are the rustic qualities that most appeal to Londoners. Armed with this useful knowledge they can then return to their marine homes and ingratiate themselves with the visitors.

Three thrillers are on tap to tickle the palate of the most jaded visitor. "Interference," with Sir Gerald du Maurier (*relâche* on Mondays); Mr. Edgar Wallace's tremendous success "The Terror" (an old-fashioned melodrama with the sentimentality left out), and, to my mind the best of three, "The Silent House," at the Comedy.

Of the Revues, "One dam thing after another" has, in my opinion, been overpraised. It is a tolerable entertainment, and a good dinner is advisable first. "The Blue Train" is being withdrawn, and I have seen no other musical comedies.

In "straight" comedy one may particularly advise the "Happy Husband," with Miss Madge Titheradge, at the Criterion, and Mr. Hastings Turner's comedy of Riviera life, "The Spot on the Sun," with Miss Marie Tempest, Lady Tree, and Mr. George Howe.

I hear golden stories of "Thark," the Walls-Lynn farce at the Strand. These are two of the best actors we have and may be recommended without a twinge, especially to anyone exhausted by a day too sedulously devoted to London's art treasures.

On the whole, a fair list. There is nothing very sensational in it, but little that is outrageously silly, and if country cousins are as easily pleased in London as I am



in the country, they will not have to complain of my advice. Anyhow, I have great pleasure in saying Good-bye to my readers till next autumn. May country cousins and weary Londoners enjoy their holidays equally. The first will undoubtedly flock to the theatre, the second will shun it as the plague.

FRANCIS BIRRELL.

## PLAYS AND PICTURES

A VERY unusual and interesting film has recently been shown at the Avenue Pavilion, Shaftesbury Avenue. "Kaddish" (the Funeral Prayer) is a story of Jewish life, and is said to be based on an actual incident which took place under the Czarist regime. The scene of the story is laid in a small village in Eastern Poland, and the film opens on the wedding morning of a young Jewish couple; the marriage has been arranged for them, according to custom, and the bride and bridegroom have never seen each other. We are shown the rejoicings of the Jewish colony at the wedding feast, when suddenly the door is burst open and the village policeman arrives with orders to search the house. The burgomaster's child has been lost, and his wife, an obstinate, superstitious woman, suspects the Jews of having killed her to celebrate the feast. The villagers are worked up to a state of fury against the Jews, who take refuge in a cellar, but later the bride, thinking that things are quiet again, goes to a neighbouring farm to fetch milk for her small brother, and is set upon and beaten. She creeps home to die in her father's arms. We see the funeral at midnight. Meanwhile the burgomaster's child has been found and brought home. The film is extremely moving, for not only is the acting remarkable throughout, but the producer has treated the story in a perfectly direct and unpretentious manner, without attempting in any way to soften its tragedy.

"The Winning of Barbara Worth" (at the New Gallery Cinema) is a very different sort of production. It, too, has its merits, but here we have elaborate and costly American settings, and the whole production is made to centre round the two "stars," Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman. In "Kaddish" there are no "stars," and if "The Winning of Barbara Worth" had been produced with the same straightforward simplicity it, too, might have been a remarkable film. As it is, it serves to show the futility of the "star" system from the artistic point of view, and the absurdity and dullness of having a "close-up" of the hero and heroine as the culminating dramatic point. The story deals with a not unworthy theme, the opening up of a tract of desert land by irrigation, the waggons of the pioneers, the building of new towns, but is treated too much in the conventional "film" manner. There is the usual dishonest financier who builds a faulty dam to serve his own wicked ends and to enable Mr. Ronald Colman to behave heroically in the inevitable flood which ensues, and the usual exquisite pioneer's daughter who gallops about the trackless waste on a horse and says how she loves the desert. Yet on the whole it is a tolerably entertaining film because of its technical excellence; the flood scenes especially are very well done.

One of the very few exhibitions of pictures at present being held in London is the "Summer Salon" of oil-paintings, drawings, etchings, and water-colours at the Redfern Gallery, 27, Old Bond Street. It is a mixed collection of the New English Art Club-London Group type, containing a certain amount of fairly promising work. Mr. Tom Nash is an interesting painter whose work is very seldom seen: he paints much in the style of Mr. Stanley Spencer, both as regards manner (though this is less detailed) and subject, but actually is a contemporary of his rather than a follower. He, also, paints religious subjects, and from a more or less descriptive point of view. Mr. Vernon Wethered's work, clearly influenced by that of Mr. Wilson Steer, is attractive in colour, but from the point of view of design is weak and lacking in solid construction. A water-colour entitled "Fantasy," by Mr. Duncan Grant, is an extremely charming sketch for a

ballet, very delicate in drawing and colour. Mr. Frederick Porter's "The White Boat" and Mrs. Vanessa Bell's "Arums" are both pleasant water-colours. Miss Ethel Walker's "Head of a Girl" is a good portrait; she has also other paintings here. The exhibition is to remain open till the end of September.

\* \* \*

Things to see and hear during the coming week:—

Monday, August 22nd.—

Royalty: "Love at Second Sight," by Miles Malleson.

Adelphi: "Up with the Lark."

Tuesday, August 23rd.—

Wyndham's: "The One-Eyed Herring."

Savoy: Strindberg's "The Father," preceded by "Barbara's Wedding," by Sir J. M. Barrie.

Wednesday, August 24th.—

The Court: "Fresh Fruit."

Friday, August 26th.—

Little: "The Climax."

OMICRON.

## THEATRES.

### ALDWYCH.

(Gerrard 3029.)

Nightly at 8.15. Matinees, Wednesday and Friday, at 2.30.

"THARK."

TOM WALLS, Mary Brough, and RALPH LYNN.

### AMBASSADORS. (Ger. 4460.) EVENINGS, 8.30. MATS., TUES. & FRI., 2.30.

MARIE TEMPEST in

"THE SPOT ON THE SUN."

By JOHN HASTINGS TURNER.

### DRURY LANE. EVGS., 8.15. MATS., WED. and SAT., at 2.30.

"THE DESERT SONG." A New Musical Play.

HARRY WELCHMAN. EDITH DAY. GENE GERRARD.

### DUKE OF YORK'S.

THE VAMPIRE PLAY,

"DRACULA."

NIGHTLY at 8.30. MATINEES: WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY at 2.30.

### FORTUNE THEATRE.

Regent 1307.

NIGHTLY, at 8.30. MATINEES, THURS. & SAT., at 2.30.

"ON APPROVAL." By FREDERICK LONSDALE.

ELLIS JEFFREYS. RONALD SQUIRE.

### KINGSWAY. (Gerr. 4032.) Nightly, 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.

JEAN CADELL in

"MARIGOLD."

LYRIC Hammersmith. Riverside 3012. EVENINGS at 8.30.

"WHEN CRUMMLES PLAYED —"

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## THE WORLD OF BOOKS

## THE REVOLT AGAINST EUROPE

**R**ESPECTABLE patriots who write the leading articles in papers like the *TIMES*, or who are the reviewers of books on "imperialism" in conservative literary journals like the *TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT* or the *SPECTATOR*, are always extremely superior and censorious about this word "imperialism." There is not, and never has been, any such thing, they seem to imply; it is a mere word, a missile invented by Liberalism and Labour, by Little Englanders and those who are always looking about for stones to throw at their own country. The ostrich who buries his head in sand in order to avoid the nemesis of his own crimes or follies has always been a respectable conservative and a good patriot. Nineteenth-century European imperialism was a very real and menacing thing; its overt manifestations consisted in conquest or economic penetration of Asia and Africa by European States; deeper down it produced bitter international hostilities in Europe and a terrific clash of civilizations and barbarisms in Asia and Africa. So real is this thing which has been called imperialism that posterity will probably regard its effects as among the most important of our age in world history, more important and lasting, for instance, than those of a mere incident like the war. One of those effects has become very clear during the last thirty years to all those who are not disciples of the ostrich: it is the revolt against Europe.

A phase of this revolt is the real subject of a remarkable book which has just been published, "Survey of International Affairs, 1925; Vol. I.—The Islamic World since the Peace Settlement," by Arnold J. Toynbee (Oxford University Press, and Milford, 25s.). Professor Toynbee has now for some years been writing these annual surveys of international affairs since the peace settlement under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, and they have been admirably done and are of great value. But the present volume stands by itself. It is an extremely detailed account of what has happened in the Islamic world since the peace. The handling of these details is masterly, and probably no one in England but Professor Toynbee himself has the range and knowledge which alone have made it possible for him to unravel the intricate skein of racial, national, and religious affairs from Constantinople to Afghanistan and from Persia to the Riff. But the book is something more than a valuable chronicle of obscure and well-known contemporary events. Professor Toynbee is a historian and a scholar. He is not afraid of quoting Theocritus and Livy on his title-page, and Ibn Khaldun and St. Luke on the back of the title-page. He regards contemporary events as part of a history which extends back in the past at least as far as Livy, and is not bounded at the other end by the close of the present session of His Majesty's Parliament. Without insistence and unobtrusively he makes his reader see the events of the past six or seven years in Anatolia and Morocco, Egypt, Arabia, and Syria in a setting of rising and falling empires, flowering and fading civilizations.

There is no evidence that Professor Toynbee is not as good a patriot as a *TIMES* leader writer. But having a

knowledge of history, he insists in his first pages on the existence of imperialism and of its tremendous effects. The story which he has to tell is a story of the reaction of practically the whole Islamic world against European imperialism. He rightly points out that this reaction is in places disguised under the appearance of religious or racial conflict; but its true nature is that of a conflict of civilizations, not of races or religions, a revolt of Africa and Asia against the dominance of Western civilization. The whole of his book is occupied with the story of that revolt. There is the epic and tragedy of Abdul Karim in the Riff; there is "unrest" in Tunis; there are Zaghlul Pasha and the *Wafd* and an impasse in Egypt; there is the renaissance of Turkey at Angora; Syria in flames against the French; the Arab national movement in Palestine; the rise of the Wahhabi power in Arabia; the nationalist *coup d'état* of 1921 in Persia and the denunciation of the Anglo-Persian Agreement; the nationalist policy of Amanullah Khan of Afghanistan and the war against the British Empire on which he embarked in 1919.

Looked at in this way in the perspective of history, the intricate story which Professor Toynbee has to tell is extraordinarily fascinating. One thing which becomes clear is that the reaction against Europe almost invariably is taking the form of nationalism. The dominance of European States in Africa and Asia, the forcible imposition of Western civilization upon Africans and Asiatics, and the economic exploitation which has accompanied imperialism have welded the various "nationalities" and taught them to use their new cohesion against their conquerors and rulers. It is the process which followed the French Revolutionary armies and the Napoleonic eagles in Italy and Spain, Holland and Germany, translated to and continued in the Atlas mountains, and Cairo, and Angora, and Damascus, and Mecca. Another curious and important feature in this vast world movement is this: more often than not the revolt against Europe is accompanied by a Westernization, conscious and deliberate, of the revolvers. It is now realized that Western imperialism can only be resisted by the weapons of Western imperialism. The same impulse can be observed in the Riff, Angora, and Kabul, "to adopt the military technique, the political institutions, the economic organization, and the spiritual culture of the West."

The revolt of the Islamic peoples against Europe, treated in this volume, is part of a world movement. China, Japan, and India are in its van, and faint stirrings can already be detected even in tropical Africa. It is a menacing movement if only because the savagery and stupidity of man are as great as his humanity and ingenuity. Its future will depend largely upon the amount of folly and wisdom in Europe. People sometimes still dispute whether imperialism is a good or a bad thing, whether Eastern peoples are or are not better off under European rule. Such questions are academic. Imperialism is no longer possible, and the only question is whether it will be buried peacefully or in blood and ruins.

LEONARD WOOLF.



## REVIEWS

## A HISTORY OF THE MASQUE

**The Court Masque, a Study in the Relationship between Poetry and the Revels.** By ENID WELSFORD. (Cambridge University Press. 25s.)

IN the preface to this book Miss Welsford tells us that in preparing lectures on Shakespeare's plays she had to consider the relationship between "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and the Elizabethan revels; and it became necessary to answer the question: What is a masque? Just as Sir James Frazer's efforts to answer the question he asked himself about the priest at Nemi led to a vast study, so, on a smaller scale, and in her own manner, Miss Welsford's question has led her to write a sort of "Golden Bough" on the subject of masques and revels. It would be flattery to say that this long book (it occupies over four hundred closely printed pages) makes "easy reading" throughout; this kind of exhaustive and encyclopædic book makes considerable demand on the reader's power of concentration. But "The Court Masque" is a monument of painstaking research, a large repository of facts collected from many sources, skilfully brought together and interpreted with good sense and artistic sensibility. Miss Welsford is not merely learned to an extent which inspires confidence and respect; she possesses a quality which is far more difficult to define and more valuable. She has something of the spirit one finds in Miss Waddell's delightful book, "The Wandering Scholars"; the æsthetic sense, the sympathetic response to what is beautiful, the power to relate literary history to the living arts.

"The Court Masque" is a book of reference, a thorough and exhaustive history, and an interpretation of the masque. This roughly indicates the scope of the three parts into which the book is divided; the origin and history of the masque, the influence of the masque, the significance of the revels. To one who can claim no expert knowledge it must seem as if Miss Welsford has investigated exhaustively every possible aspect of the masque. Her inquiries go back to primitive ritual and magical rites; she discusses at length all the various forms of mumming and pageantry and revel during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance; she pursues her subject in France, in Burgundy, in Italy, and especially in England. She devotes long chapters to the Early Tudor, the Elizabethan, the Jacobean, and the Caroline Masques. Turning from this—a long book in itself—she examines the influence of poetry on the Masque, the influence of the Masque on Poetry and Drama, and, as the Masque is absorbed in other art forms, she follows it there, with a special study of "the Masque transmuted," dealing with the "Tempest" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Finally, she gathers together all these various and complicated threads in three chapters under the general heading, "The Significance of the Revels."

Miss Welsford is fully aware of the recent theories which represent art as arising from folk-custom and pagan ritual. Miss Welsford thinks—and I am in full sympathy with her remark—that this is "a tendency which has perhaps been allowed to go too far." It seems reasonable to suppose that the fundamental and eternal art instincts were exploited by magic and religion, rather than to say that magic and religion created these instincts. If the theory is taken strictly, it is almost like arguing that chivalrous love created the sex impulse, instead of the sex impulse creating chivalrous love. Elsewhere Miss Welsford says more emphatically:—

"What, then, is the masque if it is neither a rite nor a game nor a drama? It is, I believe, just a peculiarly elaborate example of a rudimentary form of art, of which the first stirrings are seen whenever people express an emotional attitude to life by means of their own bodies. The obvious instance of this rudimentary art is, of course, the dance, but the term may be applied to any direct emotional expression by rhythmic or imitative movement, by dance or song or dressing up. . . . Art is not a thing that is developed once for all, it is a 'spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings,' which may occur at any moment, and which is constantly occurring."

The Masque, like other forms of art, dramatic and otherwise, is not so much a survival of half-forgotten magical rites (though, of course, these are bound up with it) as

"the primal impulse is the impulse to dance or sing or dress up, regardless of whether there is anybody to look on or not." Carnival, indeed, is dead, for fakes like the Riviera carnivals are mere springes to catch tourists. Before the war I witnessed the last gloomy end of the Rome carnival, and a pathetic and dismal business it was. But that "primal impulse to dance or sing or dress up" is certainly not quenched, even in post-war Italy. Red flags or black shirts, "Giovinezza" or the "Internationale"—do the colour and the song really matter so much as the costume, the marching and the singing? No doubt, it is all rather dull and political and lacking in artistic sense, but the "primal impulse" is the same. The point may seem over-laboured, but it is interesting to recollect that recently some Communists were prosecuted for parading through the streets a cart which contained a *tableau vivant* of soldier and sailor performing atrocities on innocent Chinese. Crude and political as the manifestation was, there was the instinct to portray in costume, to dress up and go about the streets. From similar humble beginnings grew up the magnificent art spectacles of Renaissance Italy and the stately and complicated works of Jonson and Inigo Jones. Even the Florentine carnival songs of Lorenzo and his imitators are supposed to have had a political as well as a civic and art purpose.

Perhaps Miss Welsford's final view of the Masque is most clearly expressed in the following paragraph, which follows close on those quoted above:—

"In trying to find a category for the masque, I have been forced to use the clumsy expression 'rudimentary art,' because there is no word in current use adequate to describe that form of art which occurs when those who feel the æsthetic emotion translate that emotion into immediate bodily action. Perhaps the word 'revelling' might be adopted as a term for this activity which is, I believe, very nearly identical with what is meant by 'revelry,' though the word itself conveys too much suggestion of noise and bluster to serve the purpose. But I think that anyone who compares the ideas conjured up by the words 'ritual' and 'revelry' will see why I would rather equate my rudimentary art with the latter rather than with the former activity. There is, of course, a good deal in common between them. In both ritual and revelry there is bodily movement, excited emotion, the sense of a special occasion; but ritual and revelry are group activities, and often have a social meal for their central action. Ritual may easily melt into revelry, revelry may harden into ritual. But the difference between them becomes very apparent when the singular instead of the collective nouns are used. The word 'rite' is heavy with monotonous procedure and the sense of obligation; the word 'revel' suggests spontaneity, light-heartedness, and irresponsibility. These are precisely the differences and similarities which we discern between ritual and that rudimentary art of which the masque is the most striking example."

Only a small fraction of Miss Welsford's book can be crowded into the narrow limits of a review, but what has been said should be sufficient to show how interesting and stimulating is this long inquiry into the nature and history and influence of the masque.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

## PROUST

**Marcel Proust: His Life and Work.** By LÉON PIERRE-QUINT. Translated by HAMISH and SHEILA MILES. (Knopf. 18s.)

THIS is a remarkably good translation of the most useful book on Proust that has appeared; unfortunately, its cost is about eight times that of the French original. The last volume of "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu" has not yet appeared, nor has the enormous mass of Proust's correspondence. Even in the two years since Monsieur Pierre-Quint wrote, our knowledge of the author has been considerably enriched by the publication of Monsieur Dreyfus's memoirs, of a study of Madame de Caillavet's salon, and of a few fascinating letters to Robert de Montesquiou, besides important extracts from "Le Temps Retrouvé." But if Monsieur Pierre-Quint's book is already in part out of date as a summary of what is known of Proust, it contains some sensible criticism, as well as many interesting biographical facts.

The more one reads about Proust the more one becomes

conscious of something antipathetic in his personality. I am sometimes reminded of Aziz in Mr. Forster's "Passage to India." "He experienced a sort of sadistic joy," Monsieur Pierre-Quint writes, "in regarding himself as so wretched a creature that he was bound to make a much greater return than anyone else for the least thing done for him, the least inconvenience he had caused." But the excess of his reactions, the seismographic sensibility, which was the cause of torture to himself and irritation to his friends, was also the source of his originality as a writer.

One chapter of this study is devoted to Proust's exploration of sexual inversion, an aspect of his work of which most critics have fought shy. But while Monsieur Pierre-Quint writes rather melodramatically on the subject, Proust himself used the material chiefly for comic purposes. Comedy is based upon the difference between things as they are and things as they appear or are supposed to be. And nowhere is this difference more marked than in regard to inversion. As a result, probably, of the weakening of dogmatic Christianity, Europeans in increasing numbers are relapsing into emotional habits that were widespread in Europe before the triumph of Christianity, and which have remained widespread outside Christendom. But a taboo which has ceased to affect many individual consciences is still honoured by Western society as a whole. And it is the resulting mountain of pretence which provided Proust with so rich a mine of comedy. At the same time, this phenomenon of inversion fits in admirably with his intensely subjectivist theory of love. His experience of life showed him, he writes in "Le Temps Retrouvé," "combien la matière est indifférente et que tout peut y être mis par la pensée, vérité que le phénomène si mal compris, si inutilement blâmé, de l'inversion sexuelle agrandit plus encore que celui déjà si instructif de l'amour; celui-ci nous montre la beauté fuyant la femme que nous n'aimons plus et venant résider dans le visage que les autres trouveraient le plus laid, qui à nous-même aurait pu, pourra nous déplaire; mais il est encore plus frappant de la voir, obtenant tous les hommages d'un grand seigneur qui délaisse aussitôt une belle princesse, émigrer sous la casquette d'un contrôleur d'omnibus."

As psychological knowledge increases, whatever is new and true in Proust's theories will be absorbed into the general sum of science, and it is purely as an artist that he will hold his place, an artist with a magnificent gift for the comedy, as well as the tragedy, of human life. (He himself wonders somewhere "if there was any truth in that distinction which we always draw between art, which is no further advanced than in the time of Homer, and science with its continual progressions.") But at the moment it is natural that the critic should be at least as much occupied with the ideas specially developed by Proust as with his genius for creating characters comparable in their solidity to Falstaff and Anna Karenina. His central idea is that the only life that is of value is outside of time. Real life is only found away from action and immediate enjoyment. He immured himself in a cork prison to enjoy his memory. It is the exploration of a sensation, not the original sensation, that is profitable; and it is the business of the artist to interpret sensations as the signs of laws and ideas. "L'art est ce qu'il y a de plus réel, la plus austère école de la vie, et le vrai Jugement Dernier." Proust finds in art the only absolute joy, he is the most devout apostle there has ever been of the religion of art. Everything else is illusion. Proust writes, "We are attracted by every life that offers us something unknown, by a last illusion to be destroyed." And Monsieur Pierre-Quint continues: "It is this sentiment which drives men to love (to know a woman so as to divest her of her mystery); to travel (to divest a town of the legend of its name); to enter the fashionable world (to remove the prestige that encircles aristocratic names)."

It follows from this philosophy that it is our recognition that matters in regard to a work of art. "L'ouvrage de l'écrivain n'est qu'une espèce d'instrument optique qu'il offre au lecteur afin de lui permettre de discerner ce que sans ce livre il n'eût peut-être pas vu en soi-même." The enthusiasm with which Proust's readers regard him comes from his having affected our view of life and of ourselves to an extent equalled by only a few of the artists of the world.

RAYMOND MORTIMER.

## THE MOTHERS

**The Mothers: A Study of the Origins of Sentiments and Institutions.** By ROBERT BRIFFAULT. 3 vols. (Allen & Unwin. 25s. each.)

THE main thesis of these impressive volumes is that the ultimate basis of all social and mental development is to be found in the maternal instincts and the ties of kinship derived from them. It is true that according to Mr. Briffault all that is summed up under the term civilization, the whole heritage of knowledge and the powers of control over the forces of nature, life, and mind thereby rendered possible, are a product of the masculine mind, and have been achieved, in the main, by societies organized on patriarchal principles. But this tremendous achievement is, in his view, the outgrowth of more ancient types of society, in which the masculine intellectual qualities did not at all predominate, and which rested essentially upon the maternal impulses and the generalized loyalties derived from them. Human evolution would thus appear to have gone through two fundamentally different stages, the stage of history, the product of the masculine intellect, and the stage of pre-history, essentially irrational, centering round the females, and expressing feminine human nature. Mr. Briffault tries to show that the primitive human group was not the family, in our sense of the word, not even an aggregation of families, but the "motherhood," i.e., the biological group formed by the mother and her offspring, "a group economically self-contained through the co-operation of brothers and sisters and one of which the sexual mate forms no partner." The sexual instincts are, in his view, subordinate in primitive humanity to the deeper ties due to the maternal instincts and the bonds of sentiment connected with kinship. Nor is there a gregarious instinct as such. Gregariousness is derivative, being the effect of the offspring's dependence upon maternal protection. The group of mothers with their offspring form the clan, and the clan relationship is therefore more primitive than the family system of relationship. The clan, moreover, is not a political organization, but essentially a reproductive group, the natural continuation of the animal family.

This general position is sustained by Mr. Briffault with a wealth of learning and a skill and brilliance in exposition well-nigh unrivalled in anthropology, and whatever be our view with regard to its ultimate validity, there can be no doubt that his arguments will influence all workers in the field, and that he has opened afresh controversies which recent anthropological work was tending to regard as closed. It is, of course, impossible here to follow his arguments in detail, but stress may be laid on some points of general principle and method in which he fails to convince.

In the first place, Mr. Briffault emphasizes the value of evolutionary principles in social anthropology, and in this he undoubtedly renders valuable service. Nevertheless, he appears to be somewhat dogmatic and incautious in his interpretation of the data with regard to social life among the higher animals and to postulate a discontinuity between the biological and the sociological, and even between primitive and historic, man which one would have thought not in harmony with the essentials of evolutionary theory. Thus, for example, he argues that among the higher animals herd and family are incompatible, and that the family grouping tends to break up under conditions of aggregation. This is undoubtedly true in a great number of cases, but the incompatibility is by no means universal. Alverdes, in his work on *Tierssoziologie*, gives numerous instances of gregarious animals who continue family relations after the mating season is over. Again, in his eager polemic against the notion of a gregarious instinct he tends to overlook the case for social impulses in a wider sense as exemplified in the numerous instances of mutual aid among animals. These social impulses may be just as ultimate as the maternal impulses. Biologically, at any rate, they are equally necessary and intelligible as being of great survival value. He is even more dogmatic in his arguments against the alleged existence of monogamy among the anthropoid apes. Thus with regard to the gorilla, he says, after triumphantly dismissing an authority quoted by Professor Westermarck: "No other writer who has given attention to



the subject makes such a statement " (I.P.176). Universal negative propositions are proverbially dangerous. At least one recent observer may be quoted definitely asserting that the gorilla lives in groups of monogamous pairs. (Cf. Reichenow quoted in Alverdes' "Tierszoologie," p. 16.) Similar doubts arise with reference to his denial of monogamy among the orang-outang, and the chimpanzees. In any event, it may be doubted whether the social relations, even of the higher apes, can be taken to throw much light upon human sociology, except perhaps by way of suggesting hypotheses. It is remarkable, also, that while laying so much stress on evolutionary principles, Mr. Briffault should insist on such a bifurcation of social evolution as that which is involved in the sharp distinction he draws between the mentality and social organization of primitive and historic man. If primitive society were really profoundly irrational, how could it have contained within it the germs of later developments? And is there really any evidence that the mind of primitive man differed in any essential respect from the mind of civilized man? Mr. Briffault's attitude here seems to follow from his tendency to regard the primitive human group as a merely biological entity and from interpreting the term "biological" in a very narrow sense. The human group can hardly ever have been merely a reproductive group. There always must have been other interests than sex and reproduction, and the end of social organization must always have been to effect some adjustment between these interests. In the satisfaction of these other interests man must always have counted, and, even if we grant with Mr. Briffault that in matrilineal societies man was relatively unimportant in his capacity as father, this can hardly ever have been true of his rôle in the life of the group as a whole.

Coming now to the more strictly anthropological evidence, Mr. Briffault makes out a powerful case for the precedence of the clan over the family, the widespread existence of sexual communism and group-marriage and the priority in social evolution of the system of mother-right. To do justice to his argument would require a volume. Here I can only refer briefly to some fundamental points. The most important of these is, perhaps, that his methods of proof are open to the objection that he does not give due weight to negative instances, thus creating the impression of preconceived theories which must be supported at any cost. For example, he gives a most imposing list of peoples among whom the system of mother right and matrilineal marriage prevails. But an equally imposing list *could* be given of patrilineal peoples, and, as far as I can see, in the present state of our knowledge no order of priority can be established. It is true that mother right predominates among peoples of lowest cultures, but numerous instances of it exist among more developed peoples, while the patrilineal principle is also found in the lowest grades, and in several instances both systems are found in one and the same stock. As to the precedence of the clan over the family, it should be remembered while wherever the clan exists the family is always found with it, there are cases of clanless tribes who nevertheless live in groups of families, and these are to be found in the lowest grades of culture. Mr. Briffault's own analysis of the cases of promiscuity and sexual communism shows that at present at any rate there is in practically every instance some form of individual economic marriage, though no doubt there also exist in addition sexual relations outside the narrow family. He has not, as far as I can see, produced any evidence of group-marriage in any strict sense, that is to say, of a number of males married collectively and on equal terms to a group of females. His discussion of these topics, it may be noticed, is somewhat heated. In particular, he wages bitter warfare against the views of Professor Westermarck, who is depicted, much to the amusement of his friends and disciples, as a defender and upholder of moral theology.

Upon the whole, it does not appear that Mr. Briffault has succeeded in establishing his main thesis. Nevertheless, the reader cannot but be profoundly impressed with the range of his knowledge, the vigour and brilliance of his discussions, and the importance of his work as a contribution to anthropological theory.

MORRIS GINSBERG.

## FICTION

**Tinker's Leave.** By MAURICE BARING. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

**Love in Greenwich Village.** By FLOYD DELL. (Cassell. 7s. 6d.)

**Thyrza.** By GEORGE GISSING. (Nash & Grayson. 7s. 6d.)

**The Widecombe Edition of Eden Phillpotts's Dartmoor Novels.**

Vol. I.—**Widecombe Fair.** Vol. II.—**The Thief of Virtue.**

Vol. III.—**The Three Brothers.** Vol. IV.—**The River.**

(Macmillan. 10s. 6d. each.)

**Bonaventure.** By H. C. BAILEY. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

**Palafox.** By SANDYS WASON. (Cope & Fenwick. 7s. 6d.)

"TINKER'S LEAVE" is less a novel than a chain of reminiscences set out in the guise of fiction. Mr. Baring, haunted by his own remembered impressions of Russia and Manchuria during the war of 1905, has invented the rather pale figure of a young English Press photographer in order to reinvolve them. Miles Consterdine's photography served merely as an excuse for his presence in the war zone; and Miles himself stands in the same relation to the book. He is not a figure to be seriously considered, least of all in his half-felt, inarticulate affection for a Russian woman whose character is never clearly defined. Mr. Baring's aim is rather, as he explains in a dedicatory letter, to present "scenes, episodes, and moments in the lives of other people." The book does not quite fulfil the promise of this dedication, which closes with two paragraphs of vivid intimate impression that have no counterpart in the work itself. But the author's swift and easy style carries him lightly through prolonged discussions on religion, art, and literature by representatives of various nationalities. An air of cultured, temperate good-will pervades Mr. Baring's world; however much his protagonists may argue there is no fear of their coming to blows and vulgarizing the issue. As for the Russo-Japanese War, it supplies, obliquely viewed as it is, the main charm of the book; providing excitement and discreetly fought battles against an unsullied background of Manchurian scenery. The glamour and gaiety of the whole expedition are delicately underlined on the final page: "I suppose, if there is another war somewhere else, you couldn't possibly go to it?" And the answer is, "Why not?"

Mr. Dell also uses reminiscence as a framework. But his stories of the artists' quarter of New York are neatly arranged in ingenious little patterns that execute twists as you watch; from the modern to the yet more modern view, or from the cynical to the sentimental. It is true they are all mental twists, performed in a manner that in much present-day fiction has come to be termed subtle. But subtlety does not move in jerks, and the continual clicking in most of these stories argues a too-conscious cleverness. Though attractively written, the tendency throughout is to exploit technique. If fiction is more outspoken now than forty years ago, it is also more prone to show the laths and display the architect's virtuosity.

One has only to turn back to Gissing to note the difference. For that aspect alone this reissue of five of Gissing's novels, of which "Thyrza" is the first to be published, would be welcome. But there is more to be found in Gissing than a mere object lesson on the change of outlook. To say he dates means nothing. It would be idle to compare the plot of "Thyrza" with, say, one of Mr. Dell's stories, and point out how much more scandal is caused by the false suspicion of an illicit relationship than would attend the known fact in a modern work. The lasting impression is made by stamp of personality rather than by plot. Gissing, like Henry James, though to a lesser degree, dips each character in his own sensitive mentality before presenting it. In "Thyrza," one of his least embittered and pessimistic works, this is particularly evident. Not only is his heroine etherealized, drained of the vulgarity of a working girl, but the other characters, with few exceptions, shine with an element of nobility through the drab murk of Lambeth. Although Gissing was determined to avoid a "happy" end—so much so that the one flaw in construction is the mechanism whereby Thyrza and Egremont are kept apart—the book displays too much faith in human nature to be labelled sordid or depressing. It exemplifies, too, Gissing's ability to sustain interest throughout a very long novel so successfully that not one chapter appears superfluous.

With Mr. Phillpotts's Dartmoor novels length is due not to plot but to locality. They move with the leisured tread of village life, their *tempo* being as important as any other factor in establishing verisimilitude. If you want a piece of information you must be content to spend a chapter gossiping with local farmers or talking scandal at the Post Office. Soon you may find the information has less value than the manner of its delivery, the local characteristics and atmosphere that surround it. It is in conveying an unhurried, comprehensive picture that Mr. Phillpotts excels. This is why "Widecombe Fair" is a better, more broad-viewed work than "The Thief of Virtue," although Mr. Arnold Bennett, in his introduction to the first volume, finds the latter more interesting. It may be so in the sense of concentration on a definite story; but this very fact involves some straining of situation, from which "Widecombe Fair," by its nature, is entirely free. Here the affairs of a whole village are interwoven; the humorous and dramatic, grave and gay, being harmoniously presented without forcing any note. Behind the talk and actions of the village worthies can be felt a delicacy of perception, an aloof knowledge and discernment that can stand, as it were, on the steep hill above Widecombe, and look down with sympathy at the vale and its inhabitants.

"Bonaventure," a romance with an Elizabethan setting, is carefully worked out on the time-honoured recipe that Mr. Bailey employs when not writing detective stories. "Palafox" concerns a thought-reading machine which provides an excuse for numbers of improbable adventures conceived in a vein of rather robust fantasy.

SYLVA NORMAN.

### MEDIÆVAL COSTUME

**Costume and Fashion. Vol. II.—From Senlac to Bosworth. 1066-1485.** By HERBERT NORRIS. (Dent, 31s. 6d.)

THIS is the second volume of a series in which the author traces the evolution of European dress from the earliest times to the present day. The first volume deals with the Greek, Roman, and Byzantine epochs and the Dark Ages. In the present volume Mr. Norris continues his story through the four mediæval centuries from the battle of Senlac, as it is now the fashion to call it, in 1066 to the battle of Bosworth in 1485. Whatever one may think of the manners and civilization of that period, there can be no question as to the strange beauty and colour of the costumes, especially in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries before the grotesque fashions of a later time had set in, and Mr. Norris in this volume takes full advantage of his opportunity. Most of the seven hundred illustrations of this volume are extremely lively and picturesque, and many of the twenty-five coloured plates have a remarkable beauty, both of colour and design. But the book is much more than a collection of pictures. In the Introduction and Text the author describes not merely the dress and the mode of wearing it, but the manners, the meals, the furniture, and customs of the period, with a brief catalogue of the principal historic events. There is an amusing discussion of the Night Attire of the Middle Ages, a passage which somewhat reminds us of the well-known discussion on Snakes in Iceland. "Documents of the thirteenth and fourteenth century," we are told, "indicate that, with exceptions, both men and women went to bed as nature made them. Frequent mention is made of great personages being roused suddenly in the night and forced to rise. To hide their nakedness they anxiously seized whatever happened to be the nearest vesture—a pelicon, houpeland, but often only the bed-clothes." The book, however, suffers from one serious defect. Very few references are given to the documents, pictures, and sculptures, upon which the various illustrations and statements in the text are based; and there is no bibliography or list of authorities. This gives an amateurish and untrustworthy air to a book which, in many respects, gives evidence of considerable research, and the author, in subsequent volumes, would be well advised to see that this defect is remedied.

### IN SEARCH OF ENGLAND

**In Search of England.** By H. V. MORTON. (Methuen, 7s. 6d.)  
**Old English Mills and Inns.** By R. THURSTON HOPKINS. (Palmer, 12s. 6d.)  
**Somerset.** By MRS. A. C. OSBORN HANN. (Black, 7s. 6d.)  
**Gloucestershire.** By J. D. NEWTH. (Black, 7s. 6d.)  
**Everyman's York.** By CHARLES R. SWIFT. (Scott, 3s. 6d.)  
**Everyman's Sussex.** By RICHARD GILBERT. (Scott, 3s. 6d.)  
**Rambles in the Home Counties.** By W. A. HIRST. (Cobden-Sanderson, 5s.)

OF the many thousand people who are now travelling from one part of this country to another in quest of health and pleasure, it is safe to say that comparatively few are at the same time going consciously in search of England. Yet, if we may judge from the growing output of topographical literature, the intelligent minority is steadily increasing its numbers; and here before us are seven volumes chosen at random from many others that are catering this season for readers who like to make holiday with their minds as well as their bodies.

Mr. Morton is in the happy position of being a professional holiday-maker; and he seems to refute the rule that all play, and no work, breeds boredom. He might argue, of course, that his writing is work. But it obviously is not. It is clear that writing is for Mr. Morton as jolly a business as travelling itself. His book glows with enthusiasm alike for his subject and his task. Penned day by day during the actual course of the adventure, his volume, which is journalistic impressionism at its best, gives us a vivid and piquant narrative of a recent motor-car journey through the West Country, the North, and East Anglia. Himself at the wheel, Mr. Morton was able to go just where impulse led him, and he has set down only what personally interested him. But his range is wide. He has a keen eye for beauty in landscape and architecture, a sensitiveness to atmosphere, and a sound, if not scholarly, fund of information. Not least, he possesses a catholic love of his fellow-kind, and in his record of chance encounters with all manner of people, from tramps and farm-labourers to parsons and American tourists, there is true humour and sympathy.

While Mr. Morton, though not unmindful of the past, is largely concerned with modern England, Mr. Hopkins prefers to dream of the "good old days" before the Industrial Revolution. In his pleasant *pot-pourri* of South Country lore, he sentimentalizes about windmills in general, describes how they used to work, and supplies details about some of the best surviving specimens in Sussex, Surrey, and Kent. He has much to say, also, about the forge water-mills of Sussex that remind us of the time when that county—with its many place-names like Two Chimneys, Smoky Wood, and Hammer Lane—was the chief iron-working district of England. Another old Weald industry with which Mr. Hopkins deals is that of glass-making; and his volume includes some account of ancient inns and drinking customs, with a few excellent specimens of forgotten drinking songs.

"Somerset" and "Gloucestershire" are the latest additions to Messrs. Black's new series of colour books. The volumes, pleasant alike to eye and hand, are splendid value for money. The main feature is, of course, the illustrations, and, while the placid brush of Mr. G. F. Nicholls suggests satisfactorily enough the varied charms of Gloucestershire, special praise must be given to Mr. Heaton Cooper's delightfully luminous pictures of Somerset. The letterpress, though subsidiary, is no mere padding. It is in each book a conscientious treatment of its subject, though in style the writers differ widely. Mr. Newth is almost severely restrained, while Mrs. Hann cannot always resist the temptation to "gush."

"Everyman's York" is a concise, "popular" guide, well illustrated with sketches, to the main features of historical interest in that city—the information being so arranged as to form the companion for a day's carefully planned sight-seeing. "Everyman's Sussex," though published in the same series, is a very different kind of book, containing a number of short impressionistic essays that



reveal some accurate observation of Nature, but are overcharged with sentimentality.

Mr. Hirst reminds us that the Londoner with limited leisure or money need not go far to find beauty and romance. His "Rambles in the Home Counties" describes nineteen walks typical of many others that may be enjoyed within from twenty to forty miles of the Royal Exchange. Though he is an all-round and well-informed guide, he is most at home in dealing with literary associations, a number of his chapters being devised under such headings as "The Gray Country," "A Miltonic Walk," and "An Arnold Walk."

### PESTILENCE AND POLITICS

**The Plague in Shakespeare's London.** By E. P. WILSON. (Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d.)

THE Plague of 1666 has become so famous that the memory of other visitations has grown dim beside it. But Mr. E. P. Wilson, who has already edited Dekker's plague pamphlets, has now devoted this excellent monograph to the two plagues of 1603 and 1625. The plague is now generally known to be carried by the fleas of the black house rat. These fleas only attack man when deprived of their usual food by the death of the rat. The departure of the plague is due to the disappearance of this friendly old black rat, who has been dispossessed by the brown sewer rat. The sewer rat can also carry plague, but his moroseness and general unsociability render him far less dangerous than his predecessor, who was always happy running about the house, particularly the revolting tenements of Elizabethan London.

Both in 1603 and in 1625 roughly about one-sixth of the London population died, and Mr. Wilson's book is chockful of the most interesting statistics, tables, police regulations, &c., which bring the daily life of London vividly before the reader. Many interesting speculations of a general nature also emerge from his work. One of the first steps taken to check the plague was the closing of the theatres, and as the plague was endemic in London during all the early years of the seventeenth century, we may find here an explanation of Shakespeare's continual residence in the country and his growing remoteness from the practical interests of play-making. During the last years of the sixteenth century, however, London had been singularly free from the plague, and it is not difficult to argue that, had the plague been as constant in the 1590's as it was a decade later, the whole development of English literature might have been very different.

These two precursors of the great plague coincided with two coronations, that of James I. and Charles I. In 1603 trade was already very depressed, and the plague, coming at a moment of trade revival after the alarms about the succession, plunged England into the poverty which indubitably played its part in preparing the Civil War. During all the first half of the seventeenth century the raising of money to finance the country was extremely difficult, and this poverty was eventually the undoing of the Executive. In 1625 Charles I. had the greatest difficulty in even feeding his household, and quickly found himself reduced to the state of destitution that precipitated the Civil War. The political importance of the plague has never perhaps been sufficiently appreciated by historians.

Local authorities were certainly incompetent in dealing with the plague; but a reading of Mr. Wilson's book does not lead one to think they were inhuman. They were handicapped by complete ignorance of the nature of the disease, and often, no doubt, made the epidemic worse by their methods of dealing with it. More painful was the cowardice of individuals, particularly the flight of doctors and clergymen, who left the wretched population at the mercy of unscrupulous quacks and religious maniacs. An honourable exception in the 1603 outbreak was a Catholic priest, who devoted his whole time to his duties, only to be burnt ten years later as a heretic.

The plague was a poor man's scourge. The well-fed, well-housed, and well-clothed escaped. Hence few distin-

guished names go to diversify the anonymity of the death-roll. Gavin Douglas and perhaps William Lily died of it in 1522 and Hans Holbein in 1543. The plague of 1625 claimed but three distinguished victims—Thomas Lodge, who probably became a plague doctor, John Florio, and John Fletcher. The plague laid low only the working classes, and the result of this may be seen in the impoverishment of the country, the political unrest, and the growth of religious and social fanaticism. Mr. Wilson tells us a great deal, and suggests even more.

FRANCIS BIRRELL.

### BOOKS IN BRIEF

**Memoirs of Henry Arthur Morgan.** By his daughter IRIS L. OSBORNE MORGAN. (Hodder & Stoughton. 10s. 6d.)

When Fawcett met Mrs. Morgan as a bride he said to her: "You have married the first raconteur in Europe!" and it was probably true. The fame of Morgan's stories reached far beyond Cambridge. He was one of those famous college characters who seem to live in the stories they tell and the stories that are told of them by others, rather than in what they write or do. Therefore no better life of him could have been written than this unconventional book which his daughter has compiled from the stories she heard her father tell about his school and his college, and his friends and his pupils, and what Cambridge was like in the year 1849. Many she took down in his own words during his last illness. Some, unfortunately, a respect for the living forbids her to publish. But enough remain to show that Morgan was not merely a "raconteur." He had an art which implies a dramatic sense of character. He could not only remember the characteristic things people said, but he could imitate to perfection their way of saying them. As his deafness increased he depended more and more upon his power of mimicry. "No one but a deaf man can realize the joy of mimicking," he said. The book is packed with dry, caustic, typically Cambridge humour. But the stories must be sought in the book itself; quotation is impossible.

**The Roman Campagna in Classical Times.** By THOMAS ASHBY, D.Litt. (Benn. 21s.)

Rome, as even the most hurried tourist knows, is the only great city which lies in the midst of lonely fields. An hour's walk will take a walker from the heart of the city to the depths of the country. Even to-day the Campagna is the loveliest of country places, though the mastery over malaria is indirectly leading to its ruin. Now that it is possible to live there, little red villas are being built and the motor plough is grinding to dust many of the innumerable ruins which impede the course of agriculture. Mr. Ashby's book, though it is learned and rather large, is exactly what the traveller requires. For the great roads that lead out of Rome are full of history. We cannot help asking who made them, and when, and who has passed along them, and who lived in these houses, and who sleeps in these tombs? Mr. Ashby takes each road and writes an account of its history, and describes as far as possible each of the ruins which are strewn along it. The work is gigantic, and, even as he writes, some of the monuments he describes are perishing. The roads, which used to strike across country shaped like a starfish, are becoming netted together by new roads until they resemble rather a spider's web. To take Mr. Ashby's book for guide and then to follow it first on this road and then on that would make the best holiday that can be imagined.

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## THE OWNER-DRIVER THE SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE AND THE LOVE OF THE ROAD

**T**HE Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce's epic journey through eleven countries and two continents in eight weeks and her more recent trip to the Arctic Circle in a six-cylinder A.C., have made a tremendous impression upon lady motorists, one of whom is so proud of Mrs. Bruce's achievements that she is lending "Nine Thousand Miles in Eight Weeks" (Heath Cranton, 12s. 6d.) to her women friends in turn. It certainly is a fascinating book, and I happen to know that it has fired two maiden ladies with an ambition to indulge, more freely than ever, their own love of adventure. They have become so bold that they have set out to explore England and Scotland in public motor-coaches. They have had a week on the road already, and, without a hitch, have got as far North as Stirling.

Incidentally, they have Mr. Sydney R. Jones's latest work, "Touring England by Road and Byway" (Batsford, 7s. 6d.), which I was glad to lend them, believing that it would add very considerably to the interest and value of their "adventure."

Owner-drivers who appreciate the value of a library of motoring books will find the two volumes I have mentioned of great interest. Mrs. Bruce is a charming writer and has given us a volume full of entertainment and information, admirably illustrated with fifty or more photographs. It must gladden the heart of an old campaigner like Mr. S. F. Edge to find that his automobile wares are capable of withstanding the strains of such extraordinary journeys, and no one will appreciate more highly the dauntless spirit of the "little, fragile woman who, entirely without preparation, has performed feats which an athlete would not be too certain of accomplishing after strenuous training."

It is the privilege of the few to wander so far afield, but to tour England is the opportunity of the many, and Mr. Sydney Jones's handy notes, maps, photographs and artistic drawings should be in the possession of every motorist who loves "green undulating landscapes, picturesque villages, old halls set in wide expanses of park, green lanes and foot-paths, with many scenes rich in historical memories."

He outlines twenty routes, embracing a diversity of scenery and many distinctive and unrivalled features. These tours have been personally studied and recorded over a number of years of exploration by car or cycle, and on foot.

During the past month I have "sampled" his "Northern England" menu and his suggestions have added piquant interest to a holiday tour. As an old cyclist and motorist I have rambled far and wide, shunning the main roads as much as possible, and I am better acquainted than most people, therefore, with the byways of Yorkshire, Lancashire, Durham, Westmorland, Cumberland and Northumberland, but Mr. Sydney Jones has directed one's steps to beauty spots I have never seen before. Rarely, indeed, does one find such a well-informed and friendly guide.

Amongst the new light cars to be staged at the next Olympia Show I venture to say that none will attract more attention than a 9 h.p. model to be introduced by the Standard Company. There must be thousands who, like the writer, had the good fortune to own one of the "9.5" Standards, which played a big part in popularizing the British light car. A more delightful little auto I never handled, and I was just a little sorry when the manufacturers decided to supplant it with a larger model, although no one ever obtained more faithful service than I got subsequently out of three 14 h.p. Standards.

Now that the company has entered the six-cylinder field and secured a strong footing there, it seems quite natural that they should have decided to restore a small four-cylinder to their programme, and I have not the least doubt that the new "Nine" will be just as good, judged from the most modern standpoints, as the "9.5" was in its day and generation. One of the latter, which I sold in 1919 to a doctor, is still in service.

It is a far cry from miniature "Nines" to the stately 45 h.p. Rolls-Royce, but I am already in receipt of the "R.R." programme for Olympia, which contains an intimation that prices are to remain unchanged for next season—40/50 h.p. chassis, £1,850 (long chassis £50 extra); 20 h.p. chassis, £1,185. Both models are fitted with the Rolls-Royce six brakes system.

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## HEALTH

Health has been defined as "A condition of physical soundness or well-being, in which an organism discharges its functions efficiently; also a state of moral or intellectual well-being." Accepting this as a thesis it becomes clear that good physical condition, functional efficiency and mental balance are indispensable concomitants of health, and that health is normal. The maxim: "To look well is to feel well" is one worth taking to heart. Interest in one's personal appearance, as distinct from mere dandyism or vanity, is a desirable attribute. It proves that the vital spark is burning brightly and that life still has its interests, enthusiasms and thrills. Given this interest and organic soundness it is simple for health—even robust health—to be speedily established. Civilization with its sedentary professions, its unhealthy industrial occupations, its luxury and inevitable corollary of physical decline, bodily exhaustion and enervation, has made a great proportion of modern Humanity victims to disease unknown to primitive man or even present-day savages. But the disadvantages of civilization are far outweighed by its advantages. Man, however, being both omnivorous and sociable, often allows himself to become a victim to circumstance and environment without adopting counteractive measures. Social obligations practically compel one to eat a certain amount of devitalized and indigestible—but probably delicious—food. But social obligations need not prevent counteraction of its deleterious effects by the daily use of a sufficiency of suitable exercise that will compel the bowels, kidneys, lungs and skin to remove all waste matter from the system before it becomes toxic in character; and a sufficiency of suitable food that will perfect the eliminative processes and provide elements for the repair of cell-tissue. Since the year 1909, when I first began preaching the doctrine of drugless healing, I have consistently proved that for the maintenance of health nothing but natural exercise should be indulged in, and that a sufficiency of fresh and natural foods should be included in the daily diet. Artificially treated foods—or faked foods as Mr. Ellis Barker has so aptly christened them—are mostly devitalized—dead! Artificial exercise is exhausting, inconvenient, and even dangerous. The week-end sport is often more injurious than beneficial, unless, of course, one indulges in daily exercise.

But the most serious harm of all results from the use of drugs for the artificial performance of natural functions. Every normally constituted human being possesses all the chemicals, organs, nerves and muscles, which when employed naturally will act normally, and the organism thus discharging its functions efficiently; a condition of normality will ensue, which is health. Organs that are assisted—however indifferently—become lazy, then useless, and finally diseased. Lack of use means decay, and useless tissue in the body takes on an independent growth with disregard to other tissues. Cancer is such a condition. It is Nature's revenge for interference. In the years to come it will be proved that the only cure for many of the modern diseases is prevention. Make the body and its functions do their own work, and there will be no useless tissue. Health is not gained as a result of Spartanism, drab living, Swedish drill, fasting, nor any form of fanaticism, but by the employment of a sufficiency of suitable exercise and indulgence in a sufficiency of suitable food. From the theoretical, practical, logical and experimental standpoints it would appear that not civilization, but its misuse, is responsible for most disease, and certainly for all purely functional disorders. *Safety first* must be the rule in exercise, and it was more for this reason than any other that I made full-tidal-breathing and abdominal control integral to the method of drugless-healing, known as Maxalding, when first introducing it to the public, for the effort is controlled by the strength of the patient and no strain is possible. Now that full-tidal-breathing, abdominal control, full mobility of the joints and drugless-healing have all been extolled in the Press by eminent men, both medical and lay, everybody who is dissatisfied with their present condition of health should read "Nature's Way to Health," an illustrated treatise which fully explains Maxalding. The following is an abridged synopsis: The importance of periodical medical examination. The value of direct exercise on the internal organs as opposed to mechanical exercise. Grave significance of the flattened chest and distended abdomen. Energy conservation. Control over definite muscles. Exercise v. Drugs. Acute and chronic forms of constipation, and some remarkable cures. Forms of indigestion requiring different treatment: Atony of the stomach: Excessive appetite: Loss of appetite: Acidity: Deficient secretion: Gastric flatulence and intestinal flatulence. Neurasthenia. Obesity: Constitutional form and the acquired and dangerous form. Headaches: Some causes and the cure. Full-tidal-breathing as the only preventive of lung complaints. Muscle control v. Mechanical exercise. How to keep the heart young. Etc., etc.

A. M. SALDO.

Every reader of *THE NATION* is not only invited to send for a copy of this treatise, but also to include a letter dealing with any functional disorders from which he or she may be unfortunate enough to suffer. Mr. Saldo—who is the founder of Maxalding—will then be delighted to make his personal diagnosis and send it under plain sealed cover with the treatise. No cost, postage or liability is involved. Please write from any part of the world to: Mr. A. M. Saldo, Maxalding, Dept. 32, 14, Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

## FINANCIAL SECTION

## THE WEEK IN THE CITY

## WAR BONDS—VICTOR TALKING—A NOVEL INVESTMENT TRUST.

THE bare notice comes as we write that the Treasury will repay in cash holders of the 5 per cent. and 4 per cent. National War Bonds maturing on October 1st. The amount of these bonds outstanding is unknown. According to a Treasury return the total on March 31st last was £111,825,000, but the April conversion has probably reduced it by more than half—perhaps by as much as two-thirds. The cash repayment of these bonds means for the Treasury an increase in the floating debt—it probably explains the recent increase in Treasury Bills—but for the Stock Exchange it comes as a relief. No early Government conversion scheme is now anticipated. The market is thus free to absorb the quantity of stock that was left on underwriters' hands from recent issues. Some of these issues—Estonia 7 per cent. at  $\frac{1}{2}$  premium (on 94 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), Berlin 6 per cent. at  $\frac{1}{2}$  discount (on 98 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), and Anglo-American Oil 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. debenture at  $\frac{1}{2}$  discount (on 98 $\frac{3}{4}$ )—should show gradual appreciation. Generally speaking, business on the Stock Exchange is quiet. Some attention is being given to iron and steel shares because Dorman Long is paying off nine months' arrears of dividend on the 6 per cent. preference shares, but it would be foolhardy to follow this move when there is no certain prospect that the post-strike improvement in iron and steel will be maintained.

The decline in the net profits of the Victor Talking Machine Company for the first half of 1927 as compared with the corresponding period of 1926—\$2,006,000, against \$3,270,000—was unexpected, but, strangely enough, it was not due to the gramophone business. The Company, under an agreement with the Radio Corporation of America, produces a machine which combines the gramophone and the radio (apparently you put on a record or switch on the wireless as you please with this invention), but the sales of this machine show a decline of \$2,500,000 in the first half of 1927, whereas the sales of gramophones and records alone show an increase of \$1,800,000. The gramophone business is, of course, seasonal. The sales and profits for the last half of the year are usually much greater than those of the first half. This is expected to be the case with Victor Talking Machines this year. On last year's net earnings of \$7,983,000, the dividend and sinking fund requirements of the 7 per cent. cumulative prior preference stock were covered over three and a half times, and the dividends of the \$6 cumulative convertible preferred stock over seven times, leaving \$7.80 as earnings for the common shares. Even if earnings this year declined by 33 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., the first would be covered 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  times and the second 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  times, leaving \$4.50 for the common. The security of the preference and convertible preferred stock is not, therefore, greatly affected by the momentary decline in profits.

There is another reassuring feature of the Victor Talking Machine Company's position. The balance-sheet at June 30th, 1927, is extremely strong, showing a surplus of current assets over current liabilities of \$23,983,000. Cash, Liberty bonds, and marketable securities alone stand at \$15,000,000. The shares in controlled companies, including the Gramophone Company, are carried at the same value as of June 30th, 1926, although their net asset value is considerably more. The Company holds 850,000 "B" ordinary shares with 8s. paid of the Gramophone Company, whose ordinary shares have risen from 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  at June 30th, 1926, to 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  at the present day. The Victor Talking Machine statement refers to the record earnings of the Gramophone Company for the year ending June, 1927. As the market is inclined to anticipate a bonus as well as a total dividend of 35 per cent., the rise in Gramophone shares is not extraordinary.

For the three years ending June, 1927, investment trust companies have raised over £44,000,000 of new capital. After a record total of nearly £15 $\frac{1}{2}$  millions raised in the

last half of 1926, they have issued nearly £6 $\frac{1}{2}$  millions of capital in the first half of 1927. A rapid growth of this kind brings with it an element of danger for the investor which Messrs. J. Henry Schröder & Company do well to emphasize in their last quarterly review. Their advice is practically to follow the right directors. In an investment trust the distribution of risks is in itself an insufficient protection against loss, unless the utmost care is continually exercised by the directors in the purchase of securities. Perhaps the personal question of directors is not so easy to decide in New York as it is in the well-known and exclusive circles of the City of London. At any rate a novel form of investment trust has arisen in New York which to a large extent avoids the necessity of trusting blindly to the personality of directors. We refer to the Investment Managers Company which is designed simply to manage investment funds on behalf of subscribers to a common pool or "accumulative fund." We have before us a prospectus of this Company, which under the guidance of Mr. Edgar Lawrence Smith has proved very successful, which states that each subscriber to the accumulative fund will receive an investment trust certificate representing a beneficial interest in the "accumulative fund."

The trust certificate sets forth that the registered holder is a holder of a stated number of shares in the "accumulative fund," that all income derived from the accumulative fund is to be reinvested at the discretion of Investment Managers Company, that the proportionate part of such income applicable will be reported to Certificate Holders for purposes of income tax, and that the registered holder may redeem his certificate and receive its actual value either in cash or at the option of the Investment Managers Company in a proportionate part of each of the investments held in the accumulative fund (with adjustment of fractional interests). The charges of the Investment Managers Company are (a) 1 per cent. on the face value of certificates when issued to be paid by the subscriber in addition to the amount of his subscription; (b)  $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. quarterly on the actual value of the accumulative fund on the last day of each quarter; (c) 1 per cent. of the actual value of certificates on the date on which they are redeemed. An investment trust indenture lays down the principles on which the business of investing the "accumulative fund" is to be conducted. This indenture provides against investment in securities that are not marketable, and against disproportionate investment in any one corporation or industry, yet limits the spreading of risks so as to ensure effective supervision of the different investments. All securities and cash are held by trustees appointed under the Investment Trust Indenture, and no money may be borrowed against the securities held in the accumulative fund. The Company, in other words, undertakes to manage the investments of subscribers on strictly defined lines without indulging in any of the financial operations common to a joint stock trust company.

This type of investment trust is, as far as we know, unknown in this country, but there is room for its development under the right auspices. A member of the present Government, who had been studying trust company accounts, remarked that a new investment trust company to be described as a "wage-earners' investment trust fund" might be formed to be managed by Trade-Union leaders. Messrs. Schröders properly remark that such an experiment would almost certainly lead to disaster. In the business of investment honesty is useless without experience, and political principles are as dangerous as any other form of enthusiasm. The Trade-Union leaders would be the last directors for the cautious investor to follow. But an Investment Managers Company for wage-earners would be a blessing if it could be formed under proper management and control.



